

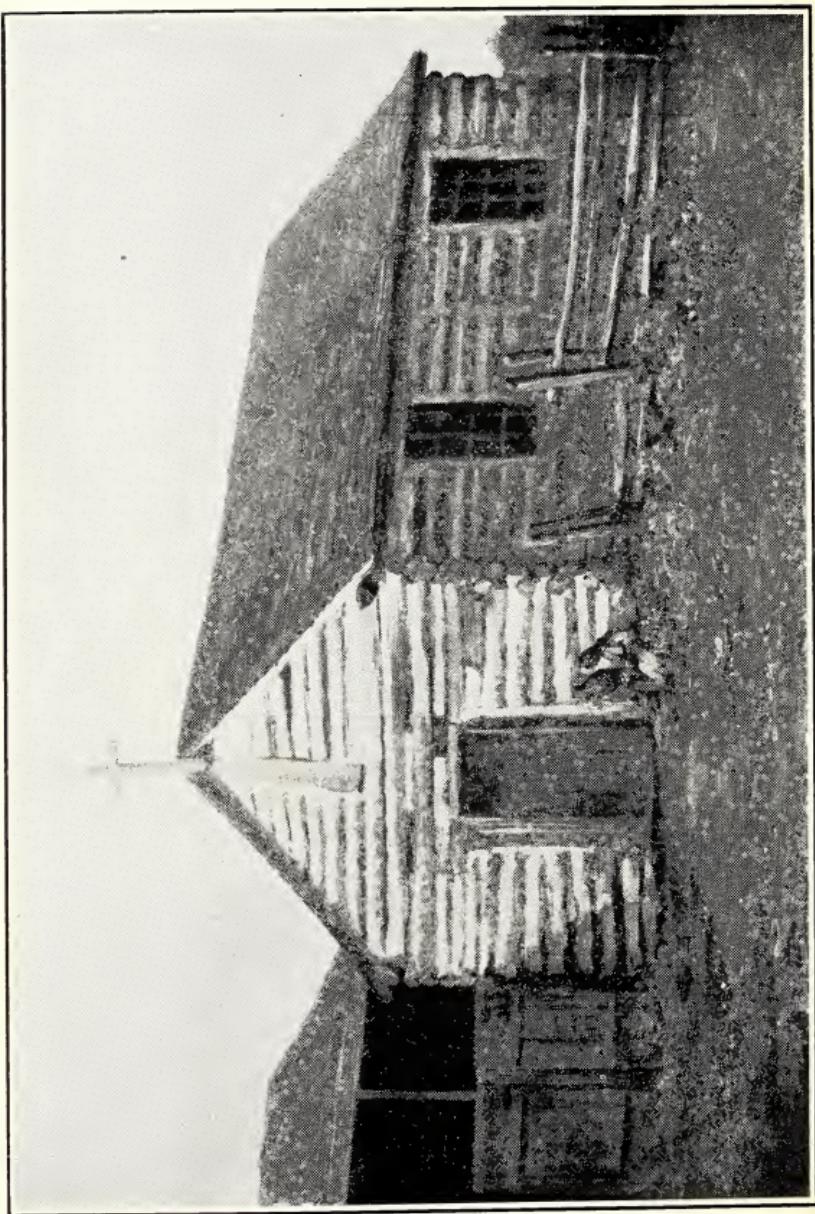
The Diocese of St. Paul

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE





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FIRST CHAPEL, OF ST. PAUL, 1841.

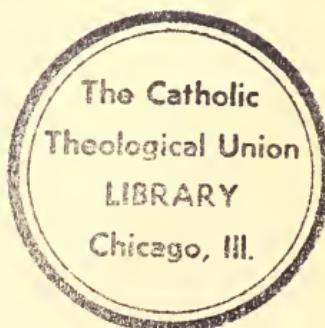
The Diocese of St. Paul

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

1851-1901



ST. PAUL:
THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY.



NOTE.

The Golden Jubilee of the Diocese of St. Paul was celebrated on the second of July, 1901, the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of Joseph Cretin, the first bishop of St. Paul, to his episcopal see.

The main features and the principal discourses of the Jubilee Celebration are reported in the following pages.

The founding of the Diocese of St. Paul fifty years ago was an event of such transcendent importance to the Northwest, and the exercises held in commemoration of it were so worthy of the occasion, that it seemed to be simply a duty toward the past and the future to reduce to permanent form an account of the proceedings of the Golden Jubilee.

In the history of the semi-centennial Celebration will be found in brief the story of the planting and the growth of Catholicity in the Northwest.



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CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks on the Two Centuries Before the Erection of the See of St. Paul.

The history of the past fifty years of the Diocese of St. Paul, such as is outlined in the following pages, would lack perspective and completeness without at least passing notice of the romantic struggles of Christianity for an opening in the Western wilderness. The events of those early days, long before men dreamed of dividing the Upper Mississippi territory into ecclesiastical districts, furnish abundant material for epics surpassing in sober truth the boldest inventions of human genius.

The pre-organization history of what is now the ecclesiastical Province of St. Paul may fairly be divided into three parts:—first, the period of exploration; second, the period of military occupation; and third, the period of permanent settlement. This outline of the preliminary history of Minnesota covers nearly two centuries, from the exploratory visit of Hennepin in 1680 to the coming of Bishop Cretin in 1851.

The glory of discovering the Upper Mississippi and of tracing it almost to its source belongs

to Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan monk. Father Hennepin was one of three Recollect missionaries who accompanied the early expeditions and shared the uneven fortunes of that fearless and hapless explorer, Cavelier de La Salle.

In 1679, La Salle and his party wintered at Fort Crevecoeur, a rude structure on the Illinois River near the site of the modern city of Peoria. So desperate had the situation become for La Salle, on account of the loss of his boats and the discontent of his men, that he found it necessary on the approach of spring to set out on foot for Fort Frontenac, where now stands the city of Kingston, Ontario. La Salle urged Father Hennepin in the meantime to descend the Illinois River and to use the interval of the commander's absence in such explorations of the Northland as might be possible or practicable. Accordingly, on the 29th of February, 1680, Louis Hennepin with his two companions, Michael Accault and Anthony Auguelle, left Fort Crevecoeur "to go," as Hennepin himself puts it, "into unknown countries where one is at every moment in great danger for his life."*

Where in the annals of time can a parallel be found for the heroism and zeal of Hennepin and the courage of his companions in thus steer-

*"Description of Louisiana," John G. Shea, 1880, page 181.

ing their little canoe into what must have seemed the very jaws of death! With no food except such game as might fall before their ill-provided guns; with no shelter against raging storm or prowling beast save some projecting rock or budding tree; with no human protection from the eager tomahawk excepting the calumet and a handful of French trinkets, Louis Hennepin and his two men, after a delay of a few days at the mouth of the Illinois, on the 12th of March turned northward the prow of their frail canoe into the ice-gorged waters of the great "Mes-chasipi."

Slowly they ploughed the waters of the mighty river which was to carry them to what fate they knew not. Morning and evening they knelt to pray in the vast wilderness, beseeching God that their meeting with the savages might take place in the light of day. As nearly a month had elapsed since they began to push their way against the current of the Mississippi, those sturdy explorers were congratulating themselves on having escaped the vigilance of the savages who were known to other tribes by the ominous name of the "enemy." Their rejoicing, however, was soon to be rudely interrupted. On the afternoon of April 11th, one hundred and twenty hideously painted warriors, shrieking like demons, swept down upon the

Frenchmen and threatened them with swift and terrible destruction.

Only the tact and courage of Hennepin saved the white men. He held aloft the calumet, but this overture of peace was spurned by the red men; then he wisely proceeded to distribute invaluable trinkets amongst the leaders of the war party. To show how little the white men feared death, Hennepin, offering a hatchet to one of the chiefs, indicated to him, by drawing the weapon against his own bent neck, how easily the blow might be struck. Surmising from expressions of the Indians that they were in search of the Miamis, the resourceful missionary pointed out to them, by rough drawings in the sand, that their enemies had fortified themselves against pursuit by passing into the country beyond the Mississippi. From that time the white captives had powerful friends at court.

As prisoners of war, Hennepin and his companions continued their journey of exploration toward the source of the great river. At the end of April that strange war fleet arrived at its destination, probably the mouth of what is now known as †Phelan's creek, St. Paul; and the In-

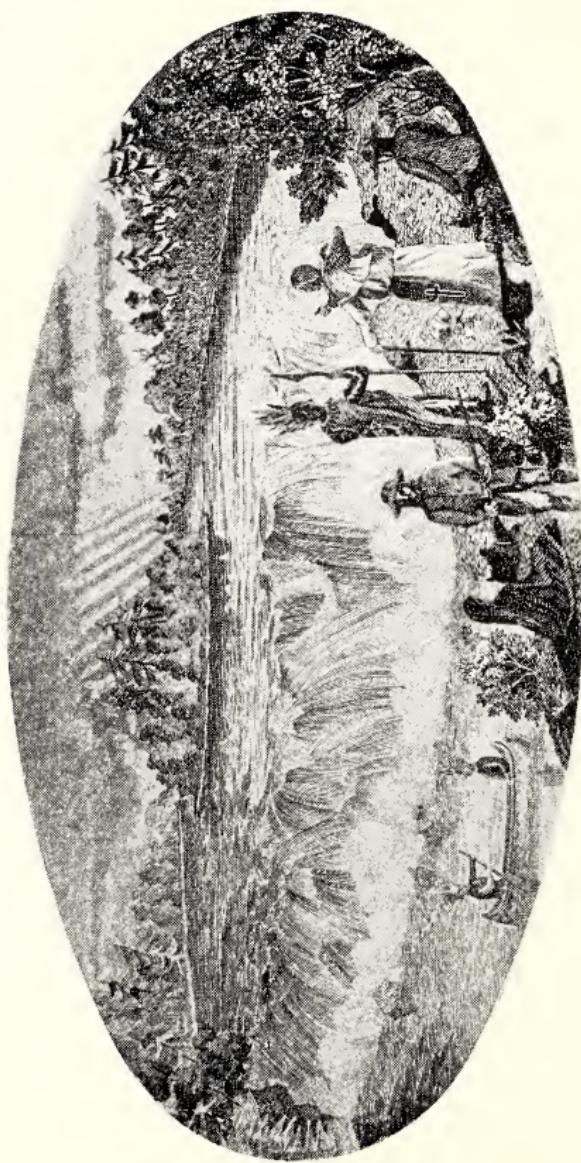
†“Having arrived on the nineteenth day of our navigation five leagues below the Falls of St. Anthony, these Indians landed us in a bay and assembled to deliberate about us.” Hennepin’s “Description of Louisiana” by John Gilmary Shea, page 220.

dians at once proceeded to hide their birch-bark "men-of-war" in the reeds, and to break into fragments the white men's canoe. Then the whole party set out overland for the Dahkotah headquarters at Mille Lacs, where they arrived about the 6th of May.

In their journey two centuries ago to the Indian villages of Northern Minnesota, and during the whole period of their captivity, the three representatives of European civilization were subjected to much privation and suffering. Hennepin delicately hints at some of the trials—tragic and comic—which awaited them in the vile huts of the untaught Nadouessious. Not for a moment did the intrepid priest give himself over to vain regrets; on the contrary, he strenuously addressed himself to the task of mastering the Dakota language. He undertook this difficult work, no doubt, to prepare himself for the career of a missionary in that distant and forbidding field. By the help of a lexicon which he carefully drew up, Hennepin was soon able to converse with his captors with a fair degree of facility. Tangible results of his missionary labors seem to have been meagre enough; indeed, Hennepin gives expression to his impatience with the imperturbable indifference of those crass pagans.

The only event of a missionary character, excluding his efforts at preaching, recorded by Father Hennepin, is the baptism of a sick Indian child whom he called Antoinette, in honor of St. Anthony and in compliment to Anthony Auguelle who acted as sponsor for the little one. Antoinette, who died a few days after her baptism, enjoys the distinction of being the first Christian and the first saint of Minnesota. Thus the mustard seed was deposited in the soil of the wild Western world by descendants of Clovis.

Toward the end of June, the Indians were ready for the buffalo hunt of the season. Descending Rum River, named the St. Francis by Hennepin, the party encamped at Anoka and thence paddled down the Mississippi to the great falls to which Father Hennepin gave the name of the patron of his expedition, St. Anthony of Padua. The Franciscan had so gained the good will of the savages that he and his one faithful companion were permitted to leave the hunters and to continue the descent of the Mississippi. They hoped that a relief party from La Salle would meet them somewhere in the vicinity of the Wisconsin River. Getting no tidings from that quarter, and finding themselves without food or ammunition, Hennepin and the Picard were obliged to go back to the Indians. Meantime, Du Luth, who had been about two



HENNEPIN NAMING THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, 1680.

years in the vicinity of Lake Superior, hearing of the presence of white men among the Sioux, set out with his four companions on a tour of investigation.* The arrival of Du Luth, July 25, 1680, put an end to the terrible suspense under which the three prisoners had labored during the preceding three months.

The whole party, the white men this time being willing guests of the Indians, returned to Mille Lacs, where they arrived August 14. Toward the end of September, the Frenchmen, being unable to erect buildings against the oncoming winter, departed on their return trip to the French settlements. They made the homeward journey by way of the Wisconsin River to Green Bay, and passed the winter at Missilimackinac. In the spring Father Hennepin proceeded leisurely to Montreal. In the autumn he returned to France; and in January of 1683, he published in Paris his famous book, "Description de la Louisiane" (Description of Louisiana), in which he gives a full account of his thrilling journey to the Sioux country.

*Daniel Greysolon Du Luth, who had traversed portions of Northeastern Minnesota a year or more before Hennepin embarked on his famous expedition seems to have been more adventurer than explorer. Judging from letters of the authorities in France he was regarded with disfavor by the government which held him responsible for some of the uprisings of the Indians against the peaceful invasion of the Frenchmen.

Such, in crude and colorless outline, is the story of how the tidings of Christianity were first carried into these Western regions, which had been penetrated only by such rough traders as Grosellier and Radisson, and which were destined so soon to develop into the opulent commonwealths of Minnesota and the Dakotas. It is gratifying to know that representatives of the universal Church were the first to gaze upon the new land, and to baptize its rivers, falls, and lakes with the heroic names of the sainted past.

* * *

From the time of the Hennepin and Du Luth explorations to the reduction of Canada by the English in 1760, France held sway over the Upper Mississippi territory. However, formal assertion of sovereignty was not made till 1689, as appears from the following document drawn up at Green Bay:

“Nicholas Perrot, commanding for the King, at the post of the Nadouessioux, commissioned by the Marquis Denonville, Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of all New France, to manage the interests of commerce among all the Indian tribes, and people of the Bay de Puants, Nadouessioux, Mascoutins, and other Western nations of the Upper Mississippi, and to take possession in the King’s name of all the places

where he has heretofore been, and whither he will go.

"We, this day, the eighth day of May, one thousand six hundred and eighty nine, do, in the presence of the Reverend Father Marest of the Society of Jesus, missionary among the Nadouessioux; of Monsieur de Borieguillot, commanding the French in the neighborhood of the Ouiskonche on the Mississippi; Augustine Legardeur, Sieur de Caumont, and of Messieurs Le Sueur, Hebert, Lemire and Blein:

"Declare to all whom it may concern, that, being come to the Bay des Puants (Green Bay), and to the lake of the Ouiskonches, and to the River Mississippi, we did transport ourselves to the country of the Nadouessioux, on the border of the River St. Croix, and at the mouth of the River St. Pierre, on the bank of which were the Mantantans; and further up to the interior to the Northeast of the Mississippi, as far as the Menchokatonx, with whom dwell the majority of the Songeskitons, and other Nadouessioux, who are to the Northeast of the Mississippi, to take possession for, and in the name of, the King, of the countries and rivers inhabited by the said tribes, and of which they are the proprietors. The present act done in our presence, and signed with our hand and subscribed."

Without delay practical measures were taken to insure the rights of France. A map of the year 1700 shows a fort on the west side of Lake Pepin; in 1695 a second post was built by Le Sueur on an island above the lake. Thus, in the beginning of the eighteenth century what was officially termed "La Baye" department, consisting of a line of military and trading posts, was organized to command the waterway from Green Bay to St. Anthony Falls. Not till 1727, however, was systematic effort made to establish permanent military garrisons north of the mouth of the Wisconsin River.

A trading company which had been formed in Montreal to carry on traffic in furs with the Indians of the Baye regions, organized, and, on June 16, 1727, despatched an expedition under Rene Boucher to the land of the Sioux. The expedition arrived at its destination, Lake Pepin, September 17, 1727. Two Jesuit missionaries, Michel Guignas and Nicolas De Gonnor, accompanied Boucher and his small command. Before the end of October, a primitive fort called "Beauharnois," in compliment to the governor of New France, was built on a low plot opposite Maiden Rock.

A chapel was erected within the enclosure of Fort Beauharnois, and it was dedicated by the two priests to St. Michael, the Archangel; this

was the first Christian temple to cast its beneficent shadow upon the soil of Minnesota.

The first ceremony of note in the new chapel was the celebration of the feast of St. Charles, of which Father Guignas writes: "We did not forget that the fourth of the month (November) was the Saint's Day of the General. Holy Mass was said for him in the morning, and they were well prepared to celebrate in the evening, but the slowness of the pyrotechnists and the variability of the weather led to the postponement of the celebration to the fourteenth of the same month, when they shot off some very beautiful rockets, and made the air resound with a hundred shouts of 'Vive le Roy,' and of 'Vive Charles de Beauharnois!' * * * What contributed very much to the merry-making was the fright of some Indians. When these poor people saw the fireworks in the air, and the stars fall from the sky, the women and children fled, and the more courageous of the men cried for mercy, and earnestly begged that we should stop the astonishing play of the terrible medicine."

The waters of Pepin rose so high in the spring of 1728 that Fort Beauharnois had temporarily to be abandoned. Father De Gonnor at that time decided to return to Montreal, but Father Guignas remained at his post till the following October, when it was thought best for civilians

of the Fort to retire before the growing hostility of the Indians. In a manuscript in the Parliament Library of Canada bearing the date of April 29, 1729, De Tilly says that "eleven Frenchmen and Father Guignas having left Fort Pepin to descend the river Mississippi as far as the Illinois, and to go thence to Canada, were captured by the Mascoutens and Quicapous and brought to the Riviere au Boeuf, with the intention to deliver them to the Renards, and that the Sieur de Montbrun and his brother, with another Frenchman, escaped from their hands the night they were to be surrendered to these Indians."

It appears that Father Guignas was held a prisoner by the Indians till the early summer of the following year. Father le Petit writes to Father d'Avaugour (procurator of the Jesuit missions in North America) from New Orleans July 12, 1730: "On the 15th of October, in the year 1728, De Guignas was arrested when half way (from Sioux land to the Illinois) by the Kikapous and the Maskoutins. For five months he was a captive among these savages, where he had much to suffer and everything to fear. The time at last came when he was to be burned alive, and he prepared himself to finish his life in this horrible torment when he was adopted by an old man, whose family saved his life, and procured him his liberty. Our missionaries,

who were among the Illinois, were no sooner acquainted with his sad situation than they procured him all the alleviations they were able. Everything which he received he employed to conciliate the savages, and succeeded even to the extent of engaging them to conduct him to the Illinois, and while there to make peace with the French and the savages of that region. Seven or eight months after this peace was concluded, the Maskoutins and the Kikapous returned again to the Illinois country and took away Father Guignas to spend the winter with them, from whence, in all probability, he will return to Canada. He has been exceedingly broken down by these fatiguing journeys, and his zeal, full of fire and activity, seems to give him new strength.”*

In a report, October, 1728, of the governor of Canada to the French government, Fort Beauharnois is said to be badly situated on account of the freshets, “and, therefore,” to quote the words of the communication, “this fort could be removed four or five arpents from the lake shore without prejudice to the views entertained in building it on its present site.” The report declares that the interests of religion, of the service, and of the colony, demand that a fort on the

**Jesuit Relations*, vol. 68, 207.

bank of Pepin be permanently maintained. Two obstacles stood in the way of keeping up the post: First, the hostility of the Foxes, whose territory had to be traversed in getting to the Sioux; and, secondly, the reluctance of the French government to provide sufficient funds to sustain an effective garrison. In September, 1730, the Renards were vanquished and reduced to submission, whereupon Fort Beauharnois was rebuilt on a plot of higher ground near the old establishment.*

Sieur Linctot was made commandant of the new fort in June, 1731, and in 1735 he was succeeded by Saint Pierre. In October, 1736, the Canadian government reports: "In regard to the Sioux, Saint Pierre, who commanded at the post, and Father Guignas, the missionary, have written to Sieur de Beauharnois on the tenth and eleventh of last April that these Indians appeared well intentioned toward the French, and

*That the Ursuline convent, Villa Maria, at Fron-
tenac, Minn., covers the very site of the second Fort
Beauharnois has been well established by the Historical
Society of Minnesota. The fitness of the site for the
strategic purposes of the old fort, the finding of shells
upon the grounds, and the new growth of trees about
the institution, amply justify the conclusion to which
the investigators for the Historical Society have come.
The convent chapel very properly bears the name of
its historic predecessor, St. Michael, the Archangel.

had no other fear than that of being abandoned by them."

However, the Sioux soon began to show so hostile a spirit that Saint Pierre decided to abandon Fort Beauharnois, and, accordingly, on May 13, 1737, the post was burned. In 1743, and again in 1746, representative chiefs of the Sioux journeyed to Quebec to petition the government to send a commandant to re-establish Fort Beauharnois and trade relations with them. Their request was not granted till 1750, when Pierre Marin was commissioned to rebuild the Pepin post. Fort Beauharnois was kept up till the outbreak of the war between the English and French colonists, but it was never occupied after the surrender of the French.

The passing of French sovereignty in North America was the death knell of the glorious missionary movement of the Catholic Church in behalf of the Indians of the new world. England, which had just wrested Canada from France, was destined in a few years to see her own New England colonies slip from her grasp and set up for themselves an independent form of government. These wars, naturally withdrawing all available forces from the frontier and leaving the

In the autumn of 1731 a post called Fort St. Pierre was erected at Rainy Lake by Sieur de la Jemeraye and two Verendryes who were in search of a water route to the Pacific ocean.

missions unprotected, made further evangelical effort impossible, even if the heroic missionaries were willing to continue their labors under the new regime. Parkman is compelled to admit that, had France been able to retain her power in North America, Catholic missionaries would have effected the civilization of the savages. He says: "Their habits of agriculture would have been developed and their instincts of mutual slaughter repressed. The swift decline of the Indian population would have been arrested, and it would have been made, through the fur trade, a source of prosperity to New France."*

However, the withdrawal of the missionaries at the dawn of their triumph did not prevent the seed which they had sown from coming to maturity and bearing abundant fruit. The "black-gown" was a sacred name and a hallowed memory among the Indians, who, in their flight before the merciless march of Anglo-Saxon civilization, retained and transmitted to their children many of the holy lessons taught by the apostolic priests of the early missionary period.

The apparent break in the line of missionaries at Pepin and at the old posts did not mean suspension of religious teaching upon the minds and lives of the Indians of the Northwest. Centers of missionary activity established in the sec-

*"The Jesuits in North America," page 447.

ond half of the seventeenth century along the southern shore of Lake Superior and far inland spread abroad the truths of Christianity down to the time of the fall of French sovereignty in the new world. Thus, in 1660, Father Menard opened a mission at what is now Keweenaw bay; in 1665 Father Claude Allouez arrived at Chegoimegon bay and established the Holy Spirit mission at La Pointe (Bayfield, Wisconsin); in 1669 he founded a missionary post at Michilimackinaw, and in 1670 another at Green Bay. In 1690 flourishing missions were in operation on the St. Joseph and St. Croix rivers. These missions were served by such eminent men as Marquette, Dablon, Marest, Aveneau, and Enjalran. To these points the savages of various tribes journeyed, and from them they carried to their, it may be, distant homes the lessons which they had learned from the lips of the blackgown. The saving influence of these missions, like the light of quenched stars, continued long after circumstances forced the missionaries to retire from their posts. The story of the miraculous survival of the teaching of St. Francis Xavier in Japan is repeated in the history of the tribes along the Upper Mississippi. How far these waves of influence beginning at the missions extended and how deeply they affected the Indians may be gauged from the love

shown by the tribes, and especially the Chipeways, for the black-robed priest, and from the predisposition on their part to accept the teachings of the Catholic Church.

* * *

The permanent settlement of the territory embraced in the ecclesiastical Province of St. Paul may be said properly to have begun in 1819 when "Fort St. Anthony," subsequently to be known as Fort Snelling, was established on its commanding site at the confluence of the St. Peter and the Mississippi rivers.

In 1805, two years after the Louisiana purchase by which the Dakotas and the part of Minnesota west of the Mississippi became United States territory, Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike was detailed by the War Department to examine the Upper Mississippi for suitable locations for military posts, and also to establish, if possible, friendly relations between the new government and the Northern Indians. Lieutenant Pike secured from the Sioux a grant of land opposite Mendota which formed the nucleus of the Fort Snelling reservation of to-day. The post derives its name from Colonel Snelling, who, in August, 1820, replaced Colonel Leavenworth, the first commander of the Mendota forces, and who in two years completed the original fort by herculean labor amid the disheart-

ening difficulties of those primitive days. The guarantee of protection offered by the government in the erection of these garrisons on the Upper Mississippi soon attracted settlers to the marly prairies and fertile valleys of the Northwest.

The first to settle in the vast domain north of Iowa and west of the St. Croix and Mississippi rivers, excepting the pioneer resident traders such as the Faribaults, the Grignons and the Renvilles, were refugees from the colonies built up by the fur-trading companies near the Canadian border. Pembina, on the Red River, was founded by such colonists, many of whom followed the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers to centers of a less tempestuous civilization. In 1812 the Earl of Selkirk established a Scotch settlement near the meeting point of the Red River and the Assiniboine. In 1821 the colony was increased by a large contingent of Swiss families, one-half of whom were Catholics, induced by Selkirk's agents to seek new homes in the Canadian Northwest. The flood of 1825 determined many of these inexperienced farmers, who had already suffered much from grasshoppers and untimely frosts, to remove to the more genial climate of Fort Snelling. Between 1826 and 1837 several hundred refugees located in the vicinity of the new fort where they found

rich lands and protection from the Indians. Amongst these early immigrants were Abraham Perry, Louis Massie, the Gervais brothers, and Donald McDonald. Parrant, whose shanty was the first building in St. Paul, like Guerin, came up the Mississippi; Phelan and Hayes were honorably discharged soldiers of Fort Snelling.

The steamboat was the chief factor in the immediately subsequent settlement of the Northwest. From the arrival of the *Virginia*,* in 1823, till the steam car became the ordinary means of conveyance for passengers, every incoming boat brought to St. Paul a fresh quota of immigrants.

In the summer of 1839 Bishop Loras, who had taken possession of his see (Dubuque) the previous April, visited his conglomerate flock about Fort Snelling. In a letter written at Dubuque in July, 1839, the Bishop says: "I have just returned from St. Peter's (Mendota), where I made my second mission, or episcopal visitation. Though it lasted only a month it has been crowned with success. I left Dubuque on the 23rd of June on board a large and magnificent steam vessel, and was accompanied by Father Pelamourgues and a young man who served as

*The "Virginia" was the first steamboat to ascend the Mississippi as far as St. Paul, making the trip from St. Louis only eighteen years after Fulton and Livingston had built the *Clermont*.



RT. REV. MATHIAS LORAS, D. D.
First Bishop of Dubuque.

interpreter with the Sioux. After a successful voyage of some days along the superb Mississippi we reached St. Peter's. Our arrival was a cause of great joy to the Catholics who had never before seen a priest or bishop in those remote regions. They manifested a great desire to assist at divine worship and to approach the sacraments of the church. The wife of our host was baptized and confirmed; she subsequently received the sacrament of matrimony. The Catholics of St. Peter's amount to 185, fifty-six of whom we baptized, administered confirmation to eight, communion to thirty-three adults, and gave the nuptial blessing to four couples.

"Arrangements have been made for the construction of a church next summer, and a clergyman is to be sent when he is able to speak French (which is the language of the majority), English, and the Sioux. To facilitate the study of the latter we are to have at Dubuque this winter two young Sioux who are to teach one or two of our young ecclesiastics."*

Bishop Loras did not forget his purpose and his promise to send a priest to "Saint Peter's." The story of the arrival in St. Paul and of the missionary labors of the Reverend Lucien Galtier is best told in his own words. On the 14th of January, 1864, Father Galtier writes from

*"Annals of the Faith," Dublin, 1840.

Prairie du Chien to Rt. Rev. Thomas L. Grace, of St. Paul:

"Right Reverend Bishop: Your favor of the 4th inst. I received this week. To comply with your wishes I will try to give you in a few lines an imperfect sketch of my short stay in what was then partly Indian ground and is now the most conspicuous and most promising portion of your flourishing diocese. On the 20th day of April, 1840, in the afternoon, a St. Louis steamboat, the first of the season, arrived at Dubuque, bound for St. Peter's and Fort Snelling. Right Reverend Dr. Loras immediately came to me and told me that he desired to send me towards the upper waters of the Mississippi. There was no St. Paul at that time; there was on the site of the present city but a single log house, occupied by a man named Phelan, and steamboats never stopped there.

"The boat landed at the foot of Fort Snelling, then garrisoned by a few regular soldiers under command of Major Plimpton. The sight of the fort, commanding from the elevated promontory the two rivers, the Mississippi and the St. Peter, pleased me; but the discovery which I soon made that there were only a few houses on the St. Peter side and but two on the side of the fort, surrounded by a complete wilderness, without any signs of fields under tillage, gave me to

understand that henceforth my mission and life must be a career of privation, hard trials and suffering, and would require of me patience, labor and resignation. I had before me under my charge a large territorial district, but few souls to watch over. I introduced myself to Mr. Campbell, a Scotch gentleman, the Indian interpreter, to whom I was recommended by the Bishop. At his house I received a kind welcome from his good Christian wife, a charitable, Catholic woman. For about a month I remained there as one of the family. But, although well treated by all the members of the house, I did not, while thus living, feel sufficiently free to discharge my pastoral duties, so I obtained a separate room for my own use and made of it a kitchen, a parlor and a chapel. Out of some boards I built a little altar, which was open in time of service, and during the balance of the day was folded up and concealed by drapery.

"In that precarious and somewhat difficult position I continued for over a year. On the Fort Snelling side I had under my charge, besides some soldiers, six families—Resche, Papin, Quinn, Campbell, Bruce, and Resico; and on the St. Peter side, besides some unmarried men in the employ of the company, five families—Farnault, Martin, Lord, and two Turpins. No event worth noticing occurred except some

threatening and alarm given by the Chippewas to the Dakotas. * * * What most grieved me when sick was the thought that no fellow-priest was nearer than three hundred miles. But, most unexpectedly, God, in His mercy, sent me one, whose visit seemed to me as that of an angel. Right Reverend Forbin Janson, ex-Bishop of Nancy, France, was then visiting the Northwest. He arrived at the fort, and hearing that I was sick, alighted immediately from the boat, received my confession, and spoke to me words of consolation and comfort. This was in August, 1840.

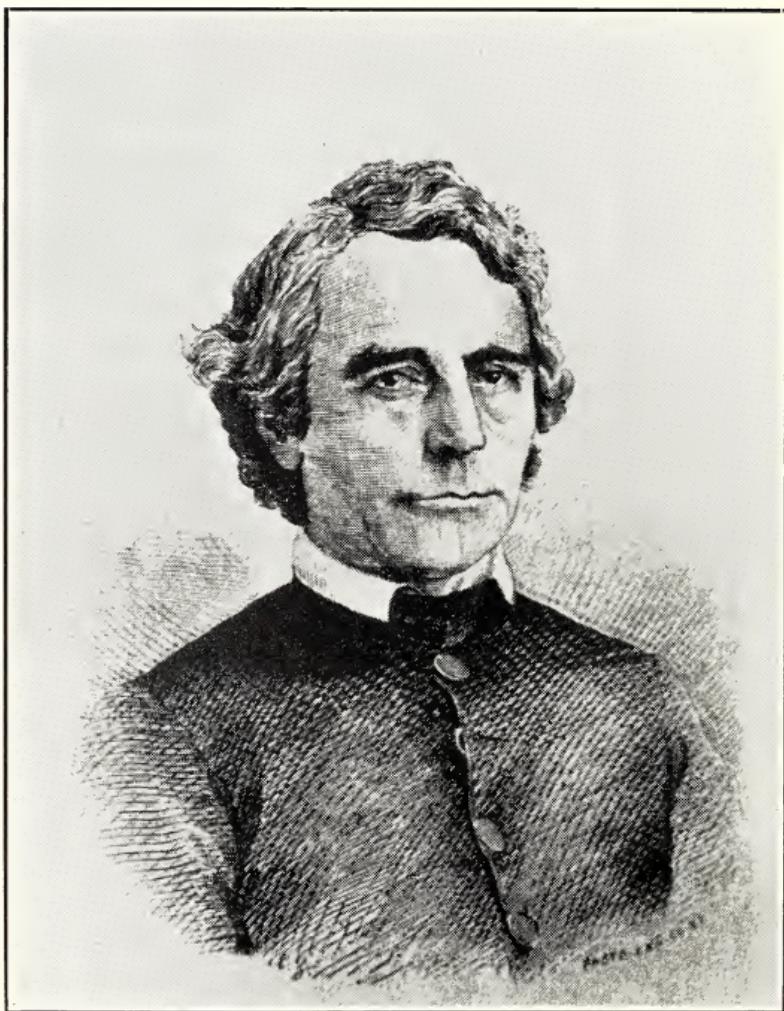
"A circumstance rather bad in itself commenced to better my situation by procuring for me a new station and a change in my field of labor. Some families who had left the Red River settlement, British America, on account of the floods and loss of the crop in the years 1837-38 had located themselves all along the right bank of the Mississippi opposite the fort. Unfortunately some soldiers crossed the river now and then to the houses of these settlers and returned intoxicated, sometimes remaining out a day or two or more without reporting to their quarters. Consequently a deputy marshal from Prairie du Chien was ordered to remove the houses. He went to work, assisted by some soldiers, and, one after another, unroofed the cottages extending

about five miles along the river. The settlers were forced to seek new homes.

"A new settlement was formed about two miles below the cave, composed of those emigrants from the Red River and others. There were Rondo, who purchased the only cultivated piece of ground in the place, Phelan's old claim, Vital Guerin, Gervais and his brother, etc. I had to visit occasionally these forsaken families ; it became necessary to choose a suitable spot for a church. Three points were offered, one called La Pointe Basse, or Pointe Leclair (now on account of a sand bar in its vicinity commonly known as Pig's Eye bar). I objected to that place ; it was the extreme end of the settlement, and being low ground was exposed in high water to inundation. The idea of having the church swept down towards St. Louis one day did not please me. Two and one half miles farther up, on his elevated claim, a Catholic named Charles Mousseau, offered me an acre of his ground ; but neither did this place suit my purpose. I was truly looking ahead to the future as well as seeing to the present time. Steamboats could not stop there ; the bank was too steep and space on the summit was too narrow, and communication difficult with the places of the other settlers up and down the river. After mature reflection several persons asked me to put up the church as

near as possible to the cave, it being more convenient for me on my way from St. Peter's to cross the river at this point, and that place being the nearest point to the head of navigation outside the reservation line. Messrs. B. Gervais and Vital Guerin, two good, quiet farmers, owned the only spot that appeared likely to suit. They both consented to give the ground necessary for the church, a garden and a small graveyard. I accepted the extreme eastern part of Mr. Vital's claim, and the extreme west of Mr. Gervais'. In the month of October, 1841, I had on the above stated place logs cut and prepared, and soon a poor log church that would well remind one of the stable of Bethlehem was built. The nucleus of St. Paul was formed. On November 1st, I blessed the new basilica, smaller, indeed, than the Basilica of St. Paul in Rome, but as well adapted as the latter for prayer and love to arise therein from pious hearts.

"The church was thus dedicated to St. Paul, and I expressed a wish that the settlement should be known by no other name. I succeeded in this. I had previously to this time fixed my residence at St. Peter, and as the name of St. Paul is generally connected with that of St. Peter, and the Gentiles being well represented in the new place in the persons of the Indians, I called it St. Paul's. Henceforward we could call the



REV. LUCIEN GALTIER
The Pioneer Priest who named St. Paul.

Apostle St. Paul our protector. And as model of apostolic life could I desire a better patron? With the great Apostle, I could repeat, 'When I am weak then I am powerful'—a good motto, I am sure, even for an apostolic bishop.

"The name St. Paul, applied to a town or city, seemed appropriate. The monosyllable is short, sounds well, is understood by all denominations. Hence, when later an attempt was made to change the name of the place, I opposed the vain project, even by writing from Prairie du Chien. When Mr. Vital was married I published the bans as being those of a resident of St. Paul. An American named Jackson put up a store and a grocery was opened at the foot of the Gervais claim. This soon caused steamboats to land there; henceforward the place was known as St. Paul landing.

"The families which I have mentioned as living on the Fort side at the time of my arrival there, had afterwards to leave; only two remained. I could not do much good by continuing to reside there; the St. Peter trading post was the only ground of hope left me; I removed there, determined to remain steadfast as a rock. Mr. Faribault, the oldest resident of the place, a true gentleman, offered me a small house, which I accepted. It was repaired, and I made of it my chapel, contented to remain in a small corner of

it until more favorable circumstances. I visited St. Paul regularly, and occasionally St. Croix settlement, then called Willow River, and now, if I am not mistaken, Hudson. In 1842, June 5th, Bishop Loras gave Confirmation to a few persons. During a short absence of mine, Father Ravoux being at St. Peter's, an accident threatened his life. One night, while sleeping soundly in my little room, he was suddenly aroused by a tremendous cracking of the main beam that supported the whole roof. Fortunately he was not hurt. Calling for help he removed everything to the house of Mr. Faribault. Once more we had to make of a room a temporary place for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Hearing of the incident, I went to St. Paul, left St. Peter, and at once took means to get to Chippewa Falls in order to get the lumber needed for a new building. On my return I put men to work, and on the 2nd day of October, I blessed the first church of St. Peter. From that day up to my removal, nothing deserving of notice happened save the passage of the venerable Bishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Provencher, who, for the first time, but not without much danger, went via St. Paul and the United States to Canada, a new route hitherto unknown. On the 29th of October the little bell of St. Peter's chapel was blessed. On the 25th of May, 1844, I was leav-

ing to better hands the yet barren field of my first mission, not, however, without feeling deep regret, not without leaving friends behind me."

It is hardly necessary to state that the legatee to whom Father Galtier gracefully refers is the Reverend Augustine Ravoux, who since the autumn of 1841 had been working with the heroism and effect of an apostle for the conversion of the neglected Indians of the frontier.

Bishop Loras had nothing more at heart than the redemption of the aborigines of his vast diocese from the degrading ignorance and paganism of their race. He found in Father Ravoux a fit instrument for carrying out his high designs; and, accordingly, in August, 1841, he commissioned the young priest, who was then at Prairie du Chien, to begin the apostolate of the Sioux. Father Ravoux lost no time in getting to his new field of activity; he at once plunged into the perilous work to which he hoped and believed his life thenceforth would be devoted.

From settlement to settlement of Indians he ploughed his way through the ice and snow of winter—the tidings that he carried were too important to brook delay. In 1841-42 Father Ravoux visited the Sioux along the headwaters of the Minnesota River; subsequently he made Chaska headquarters for his great campaign.

He was soon able to dispense with the services of interpreters. "I was not a little surprised," he says, "to see that in a short time I could write and understand the Sioux language. * * *"†

In the early summer of 1843 Father Ravoux brought out in the language of the Dakotas a book of hymns and simple instructions on fundamental points of Catholic doctrine, which has ever since done good service for Catholic missionaries among the Sioux. Out of the limited experience and hasty study of a mere novice in missionary work among Indians, to have produced a book of lasting value, despite almost insuperable difficulties of pioneer days, is certainly the monumental triumph of a great mind and a zealous soul. If Monsignor Ravoux had done nothing more his title to fame and his claims upon the gratitude of succeeding generations would be secure; but the preparing, printing and distributing of this book is only an incident in his career.

It was a great misfortune for the Sioux that the withdrawal of Father Galtier in May, 1844, made it necessary for young Father Ravoux to devote all his time to the Catholics of Mendota, St. Paul, St. Anthony, Little Canada and Stillwater. Father Ravoux constantly clamored for

†Pioneer Press, March 7, 1897.

a priest to relieve him so that he might go back to his beloved flock, but the bishops had no priest to send him. Thus matters stood till Bishop Cretin arrived July 2, 1851, though in the intervening period Father Ravoux took the time occasionally to visit his beloved Dakotas, once journeying as far as Fort Pierre, on the Missouri River. The results of the missionary work of Father Ravoux in some measure may be inferred from the fact that 33 of the 38 Indians who in 1862 were executed at Mankato by the War Department, chose Father Ravoux as their spiritual adviser. Of this Father Ravoux said in a letter to Bishop Grace, December 29, 1862: "I was certainly surprised to find the large number pronouncing in our favor, considering that Reverend Messrs. Williamson and Riggs have a perfect knowledge of the Sioux language, and have been for twenty-five years amongst them. It is true that I also passed some time with the Indians; but it is eighteen years since I quitted their deserts, owing to the want of priests among the white population."**

Father Ravoux brought to his new field of activity as successor to Father Galtier, the energy and forethought which had crowned with success his ministry among the Sioux. In 1846

***Reminiscences and Memoirs*, page 73.

Father Ravoux removed to St. Paul, retaining charge of Mendota and adjoining missions. The Diocese of St. Paul owes much to the practical effort and prophetic vision of this pioneer priest; to him in great measure credit is due for the establishment of the frontier diocese at a providential time, though then it must have seemed singularly premature. As administrator and sole representative of the church in the western outskirts of civilization, Father Ravoux took counsel of the future, his wise plans making provision for the temporal as well as the spiritual needs of the coming years. When Bishop Cretin took possession of his diocese, Father Ravoux was able to hand him a contract by which the bishop was entitled to purchase twenty-two well-located lots for nine hundred dollars. Besides furnishing a site for the Cathedral, this property was the nucleus of the material prosperity of the diocese. Monsignor Ravoux enjoys the rare privilege of watching the growth to rich fruitage of the deeds and hopes of more than fifty years ago.

This imperfect account of the labors of Father Ravoux brings to an end our sketch of the pre-diocesan history of the Archdiocese of St. Paul. In his own person Monsignor Ravoux joins the flourishing present with the pioneer past; and in his work he unites in inseparable union the



MONSIGNOR AUGUSTINE RAVOUX.

names of Hennepin, Guignas and Ravoux, through whom the Dakota nation imbibed a reverence for the "blackgown" and the Catholic Church, which neither the lapse of time nor the guile of bigotry has been able to destroy.

CHAPTER II.

Preparation for Jubilee Celebration—Appointment of Committees.

To celebrate becomingly the Golden Jubilee of the Diocese of St. Paul had always been a cherished plan of Archbishop Ireland. He has never missed an opportunity to express his admiration for the first builders of the Church in the Northwest; again and again, from the platform and in the press, he has recalled the deeds of those apostolic exemplars of priestly zeal in the reasonable hope of thus arousing a spirit of emulation in those who are continuing their work. To remove from the name of Hennepin charges of calumny, to relate the life story and recount the virtues of a Loras or a Cretin has been for the Archbishop of St. Paul a labor of love.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Diocese of St. Paul should have been held July 19, 1900, the See having been erected by Pius IX. July 19, 1850; but, as Archbishop Ireland was then in Europe, it had to be postponed to the next favorable date, July 2, 1901, the anniversary of the arrival in St. Paul of Right Rev-

erend Joseph Cretin, the first bishop of the new diocese.

Early in the year committees were appointed for the general management of the celebration; and, as the preliminary work progressed, special committees were added to the executive staff.

The general committee of priests was composed of the following clergymen:

Rev. John J. Lawler, *Chairman.*

Rev. James O'Reilly. Rev. Peter Jung.

Rev. Francis Gorres. Rev. Ambrose McNulty.

Rev. James C. Byrne, *Secretary.*

AUXILIARY CLERICAL COMMITTEES.

ON DIOCESAN ALBUM.

Rev. Patrick O'Neill, *Chairman.*

Rev. Thomas Gibbons. Rev. Anthony Ogulin.

Rev. John Solnce.

Rev. Richard Cahill, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

ON JUBILEE FUND.

Very Rev. John Stariha, *Chairman.*

Very Rev. Thos. Kennedy. Very Rev. Chas. Corcoran.

Very Rev. John Slevin. Very Rev. Hugh McDevitt.

Very Rev. Ig. Limberg. Rev. Aloysius Plut.

Very Rev. John Hand. Rev. John Lawler.

Very Rev. B. Sandmeyer. Rev. James Keane.

Very Rev. Francis Tichy. Rev. James O'Reilly.

Very Rev. James Gaughan. Rev. John Andre.

GENERAL COMMITTEE OF LAYMEN.

Thomas D. O'Brien, *Chairman.*William O'Gorman, *Secretary.*Frank Machovec, *Treasurer.*

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

Timothy Reardon, *Chairman.*

Auguste L. Larpenteur. William Markoe.

Thomas Grace. Charles B. Shanley.

John Clarkin. Henry Galvin.

Patrick O'Brien. Michael J. O'Connor.

Matthew Koch.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Henry C. McNair, *Chairman.*

Dr. Ed. W. Buckley. Thomas Foley.

John F. Kelly. Dennis A. Murphy.

Henry Haas. Caspar Ernst.

J. A. Willwerscheid. Thos. A. Prendergast.

Louis N. Dion.

COMMITTEE ON SPEAKERS.

A. W. Gutridge, *Chairman.*

Pierce Butler. Henry Von der Weyer.

Emil Geist. Lawrence Mitsch.

Henry C. McNair. George N. Gerlach.

James C. Nolan. John Pesek.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

John F. Gehan, *Chairman.*
John S. Grode. Leo Bruner.

INVITATION COMMITTEE.

John Caulfield, *Chairman.*
Mark Fitzpatrick. Chas. F. Pusch.
Alfred Dufresne. F. Jungbauer.
Charles Hauck. T. Foley.
C. J. McConville. D. W. Lawler.
J. C. Hardy. A. L. Larpenteur.
W. H. Egan. Caspar Ernst.
Carl Hendy. J. M. Schwartz.
Frank Schlick. P. Butler.
F. J. Bowlin. Dr. D. W. Kelly.
R. Huspek. J. C. Geraghty.
M. J. Moriarty. Anton Haas.
Thomas E. White. Edward Presley.
Phillip Anfang. Joseph Frediani.

PARADE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Willwerscheid, *Chairman.*
P. M. Moroney. J. J. Regan.
T. W. McGeoy. Henry Wessel.
John Eibert. Jno. Juenemann.
J. G. Donnelly. Ambrose Pierce.
A. Ritt. M. W. Fitzgerald.
A. Quibak. Jos. Matz.
J. C. Kennedy. B. Wurst.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Thomas Quinlan, *Chairman.*

Charles Friend.	E. W. Bazille.
George Michel.	J. F. Kelly.
Charles Lauer.	T. J. Lilly.
J. C. Prendergast.	J. B. Waschenberger.
John Kerwin.	Michael Ettl.
Henry Haas.	P. Butler.

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND BADGES.

Joseph Matt, *Chairman.*

John W. Willis.	J. Hipp.
Charles Haas.	P. Kings.
Daniel L. Bell.	S. A. Ryan.
C. I. McCarthy.	P. E. Sullivan.
	M. Mullane.

HALL AND DECORATION COMMITTEE.

W. L. Kelly, Jr., *Chairman.*

P. J. Tonzbica.	Joseph Smith.
J. B. McHugh.	P. J. Hahn.
F. J. Hebel.	F. L. McGee.
John Bast.	Joseph Rogers.
	Albert Boedigheimer.

USHERS.

P. F. Egan.	Thomas Krocak.
N. Willwerscheid.	R. D. O'Brien.
D. B. Hickey.	F. J. Rosenthal.
Roger O'Reilley.	Andrew Kruszinski.
Louis Nash.	George Reddington.
J. O. Vervais.	Matt Marxen.
Chas. J. Young.	M. P. Ryan.
	Matt Heck.

The principal features of the religious celebration arranged for July 2nd by the committees of clergymen were:

Pontifical High Mass at 10:30 a. m. on the St. Paul Seminary grounds, Right Reverend James McGolrick, celebrant, and Archbishop Ireland, jubilee preacher.

Dinner for the clergy in the dining rooms of the St. Paul Seminary and the College of St. Thomas.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon presentation of the Jubilee Fund and Memorial Volumes.

At 4 o'clock, laying of the corner-stone of the Seminary Chapel by Right Reverend James Trobec, and sermon by Right Reverend Thomas O'Gorman.

On the morning of July 3rd, Solemn Requiem Mass for the deceased of the Province of St. Paul.

The civic celebration held on the evening of July 3rd consisted of a grand parade of the parish and independent Catholic societies of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and a monster meeting in the Auditorium.

CHAPTER III.

Mass on Seminary Grounds—Sermon by Archbishop Ireland.

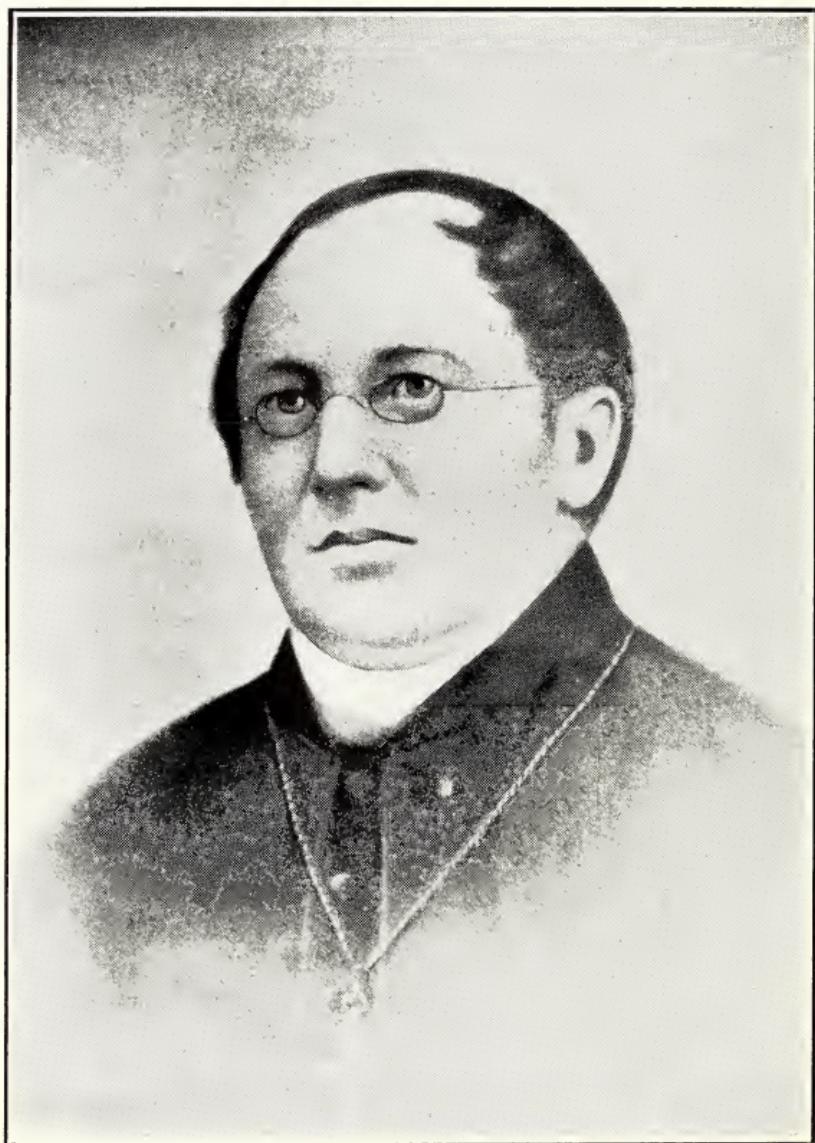
The Jubilee Mass was celebrated at an improvised altar set among the trees on the grounds of the St. Paul Seminary. For accommodation of the vast numbers anxious to be present it was necessary to hold the services in the open air; above all, reverence for the spirit and associations of the occasion made it imperative to have an out-of-doors celebration. The walls of church or hall would have cut off full view of the past and of the future, and narrowed down the solemn function to the brief two hours which it consumed. The past, the old, pioneer, primitive past, the days of log chapels, tangled woods, and trackless forests, seemed to come back with overwhelming vividness under the spell of the rustic surroundings.

The scene of the religious festivities was near, in all probability, the very point where Father Hennepin, more than two centuries before, landed his canoe that his companion might return afoot to St. Anthony Falls for their forgotten

and sadly depleted powder horn. †The place appeared even yet instinct with the presence of the great missionary; the wind, it seemed, whispered his name and the earth bore the imprint of his sandaled feet. As the notes of sacred song rose and pierced the fretted roof of nature's cathedral they seemed to mingle with the lingering echoes of Hennepin's voice singing the holy "office" to disarm the childish fears of the superstitious Sioux. Beyond doubt the scene and setting of the commemorative exercises had about them the flavor of poetic fitness.

The green sward sloping in natural terraces from the Administration building of the St. Paul Seminary toward the Mississippi, divided into nave and transepts by stately elms and sturdy oaks, formed an excellent amphitheatre for the eight or ten thousand who heard the Jubilee Mass and sermon. All the priests of the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul were invited to be present, and between four and five hundred participated in the solemnities. In the "sanctuary" the following prelates had places: Most Rev. Alexander Christie of Portland,

† "A league below the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua," says Hennepin in "Description de la Louisiane," "the Picard was obliged to land, etc. * * * * On his return, I showed him a snake about six feet long crawling up a straight and precipitous mountain. * * * *"



RT. REV. JOSEPH CRETIN, D. D.
First Bishop of St. Paul.

Oregon; Right Rev. John Eis of Marquette; Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell of Omaha; Rt. Rev. Thos. O'Gorman of Sioux Falls; Rt. Rev. John Glennon of Kansas City; Rt. Rev. John Shanley of Fargo; Rt. Rev. James McGolrick of Duluth; Rt. Rev. James Trobec of St. Cloud; Rt. Rev. Augustine Ravoux of St. Paul, Rt. Rev. Abbot Peter Engel of St. John's University.

The Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop McGolrick, the Very Rev. John Stariha being assistant priest, the Rev. Aloysius Plut and Thomas Kennedy, deacons of honor; the Rev. Bernard Sandmeyer and Hugh McDevitt, respectively, deacon and subdeacon of the Mass, and the Rev. Francis Schaeffer, master of ceremonies. The responses and the choir portions of the Mass, and at the end the Te Deum, were sung by a large chorus drawn by Director John Gehan from the leading choirs of the city.

Archbishop Ireland's theme was "Fifty Years of Catholicity in the Northwest."

THE SERMON.

"Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation. The Lord hath wrought great glory through his magnificence from the beginning."—Ecclesi., 44:1, 2.

Brief upon the earth is man's personal existence; few the summer suns he counts. Hence,

to live with profit, he borrows time. Years that are past and years that are to come are made to be his—those that are past providing him with experience and inspiration; those that are to come with scope and purpose of action. The frontiers of life are widened. Encouragement and power that were otherwise beyond his reach are added unto his possessions.

The place for the individual man is walking side by side with his fellows, counting as such not only the men of to-day, but those also of yesterday and of to-morrow. His strength and significance lie in the ranks of vast humanity. The oftener, the more effectively he projects himself along its pathways, the greater is his person, the more fruitful is his action.

In this spirit, and to this end, in some small degree, do the Catholics of these Northwestern regions, children of the Diocese of St. Paul, as it existed in territorial extent fifty years ago, observe with solemn ceremonial and in deep thoughtfulness of soul this second day of July of the year of our Lord 1901.

Fifty years ago the first Bishop of the Diocese of St. Paul arrived in St. Paul; fifty years ago the Diocese of St. Paul was formally inaugurated and set out to do its appointed work.

Parts of the Diocese we all are, living atoms of this larger organism. For the nonce with

more than wonted effort we shall cast mind and heart into its works and into its hopes, that, identified the more intimately with it, we absorb the more readily into our souls its corporate life, and spend the more generously our individual energies, which warm contact with it will have intensified, in the advancement of its interests—interests that are those of that yet more exalted organism, of which in its turn it is a part, the Catholic Church, the Society of the Divine teacher and Saviour, Christ, the Incarnate God.

* * *

It was the second day of July of the year of our Lord 1851. The steamer "Nominee" was rounding yonder river bend, and the shrill voice of its brazen whistle was echoing over the hills and through the ravines of the infant village. As custom demanded, an expectant crowd quickly gathered at the lower levee. "The Bishop is aboard!" was the news sped from the steamer's deck, and soon all eyes were fixed upon one in priestly garb who was moving down the gang-board, dignified in step, radiant in countenance, hands waving salutes and blessings. The Right Reverend Joseph Cretin, St. Paul's first bishop, had reached the term of his long and tedious journeying from distant France; he was in his episcopal home.

It had not been previously known what steamer would bring the Bishop to St. Paul. There were here in those times no telegraph offices to herald beforehand coming visitors. And so there was no priest on the levee when the Bishop first set foot upon it. Father Ravoux was quietly pacing his room, intent in reading, as a hurried voice exclaimed, "The Bishop has come." Rapid were his strides adown the hill. Soon he was receiving the cordial embrace of his old-time friend, now his honored superior, and joyously leading him towards the log chapel on Bench street, St. Paul's first Cathedral, and the log cabin in the rear of the chapel, St. Paul's first episcopal palace.

In the Bishop's diary we read: "On the second day of July the Bishop reached the nascent city of St. Paul, and in its chapel, the poorest of the poor, built of logs, spoke to his spiritual children and gave them his blessing." One of the papers then published in St. Paul, the "Minnesota Democrat,"* in its issue of July 8th, 1851, says: "The Right Reverend Joseph Cretin, Bishop of the Diocese of Minnesota, arrived in St. Paul, on board the steamer Nominee, on Wednesday last. He was accompanied by five clergymen from France. They are Francois de

*The numbers of the "Pioneer" for the summer months of 1851 have not been preserved.

Vivaldi, Louis Ledon, John Fayole, Marcellin Peyragrosse, Edward Legendre. * * * The arrival of the Bishop at this place was hailed with considerable enthusiasm by our Catholic fellow-citizens. In the evening large numbers assembled in the log chapel on the bluff to see him and hear his voice. Religious ceremonies appropriate to the church were performed. The Te Deum and the Magnificat were chanted, and the Bishop addressed the congregation both in English and in French. He said that the purpose of his mission among them was their religious and temporal welfare. The services closed with the Bishop's benediction on the congregation. * * * Those who know the Bishop well, and of different sects, represent him as a highly educated and excellent man, an American in all his sympathies, and warmly attached to the free institutions of our country."

Unostentatious and outwardly simple as seemed the occurrences of the second of July in St. Paul, fifty years ago, they were, in deep reality and significance before the high heavens, most solemn and momentous. Nothing less, indeed, did these occurrences betoken than the inauguration upon Minnesota's soil of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church; that apostolate of the Saviour, which, receiving on the summit of Olivet from the breathings of Christ himself soul and power

of action, had, as age succeeded age, spread over earth's nations its divinely vitalized branches, each one holding within its foliage the truths of Christ's revelation and the graces of His redemption, with mission to shed them upon men and upon society in the work of spiritual regeneration and of heavenward ascent and which, in the plentitude of time, in the normal unfolding of the church's germinal Catholicity, was now reaching out towards the remote, and hitherto almost unknown shores of the Northern Mississippi. The coming of Joseph Cretin to St. Paul, with commission from the Church's supreme visible chieftain, was to this Northwestern Territory as was the coming of one of the twelve to Asia Minor or to Egypt, to Greece or to Italy, as was the coming of Patrick to Ireland, of Augustine to England, of Boniface to Germany, of Anscarius to the countries bordering on Baltic seas.

The initiatory measures in the organization of the Diocese of St. Paul were taken by the bishops of the United States, assembled in council in Baltimore during the month of May, 1849. The decision of the Council was forwarded in due time to Rome for the approval of the Sovereign Pontiff; but there, on account of the civil revolution then disturbing the Estates of the Church, action upon it was delayed until the month of July, 1850. The pontifical brief by which the

new see of St. Paul is erected is dated July 19th; that by which Joseph Cretin is named its first Bishop, July 23d. On receipt of the briefs, the Bishop-elect went from Dubuque to France to receive the episcopal consecration in his native diocese from the hands of the venerable prelate who had ordained him to the priesthood on the twentieth day of December, 1823. He was consecrated in Belley, January 31st, 1851; and, with as little delay in France as was needed to obtain a few missionaries to aid him in his new field of labor, he again turned his face towards America.

It is singularly interesting and instructive today to read the statements in the American Catholic Directory of January, 1849, that relate to Catholicity in Minnesota when the question of erecting the see of St. Paul was under discussion in the Council of Baltimore. The civil territory of Minnesota, which was to be comprised under the spiritual jurisdiction of the new see, covered at the time what is now the State of Minnesota and those portions of the States of North and of South Dakota that lie eastward from the Missouri River. In matters of ecclesiastical jurisdiction it was divided by the Mississippi River between the Diocese of Dubuque and that of Milwaukee, the Diocese of Dubuque claiming the western part and that of Milwaukee the eastern, although, in fact, on account of the distance from

Milwaukee, the whole territory had fallen to the pastoral care of the bishop of Dubuque.

The several references to Minnesota, in the Directory of 1849, are as follows:

(From the report of the Bishop of Dubuque.)

"St. Peter's Church, near Fort Snelling—Rev. Augustine Ravoux. Sermons in English, French and Sioux. The same clergyman attends Lake Pepin settlement and St. Paul's Church in Wisconsin Territory.

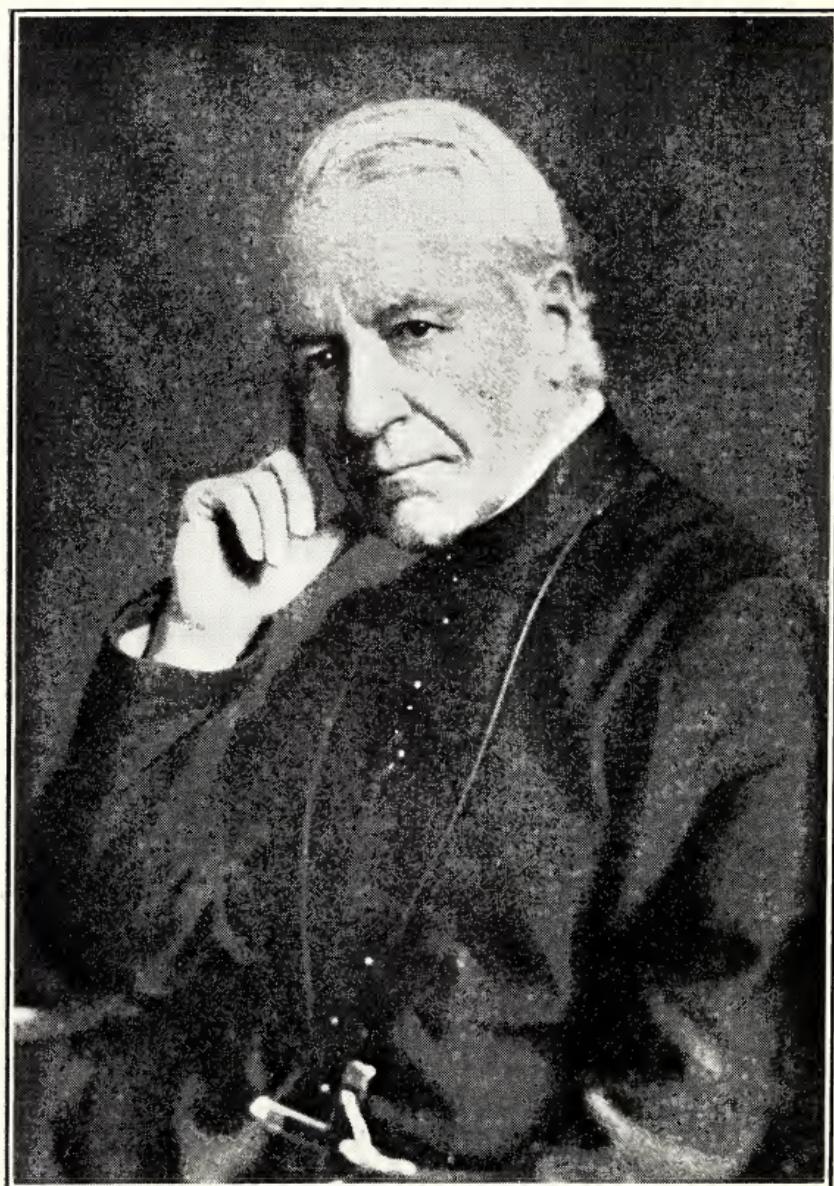
†"Sioux Mission, above the Falls of St. Anthony—St. Francis Xavier. This mission has languished on account of the intercourse of the whites with the Indians and the introduction of spirituous liquor among the latter. The Church of St. Francis Xavier has been transferred to Lake Pepin, where several Catholic settlers have collected.

"Pembina Mission—A new mission has just been commenced here, where there is a settlement of about 500 half-breeds from Red river."

(From the report of the Bishop of Milwaukee.)

"St. Paul's, 300 miles higher up the Mississippi than Prairie du Chien, with its adjoining stations of Pig Eye and Gervais Settlements, near the Falls of St. Anthony and the Bruce and

†The mission, inaccurately described as "above the Falls of St. Anthony," was really at Little Prairie, known now as Chaska.



REV. ALBERT LACOMBE
Pembina, 1849.

Prelle Settlements on Lake St. Croix—Reverend Mr. Ravoux, of St. Peter's, Iowa."

In 1839 Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, visited the few Catholics to be found in and around Fort Snelling. In 1840 Reverend Lucien Galtier, the first resident priest in what was to be at a later date the Territory of Minnesota, came to St. Peter, the Mendota of later history. Six miles below St. Peter, on the eastern bank of the river, in 1841 he built a log chapel, dedicating it to divine service, under the patronage of the Apostle Saint Paul, on the second day of October of that same year. The name St. Paul passed from Father Galtier's humble chapel to the humble village that clustered around it—the nucleus of the fair metropolis of to-day, St. Paul. In 1841 Reverend Augustine Ravoux opened a mission among the Sioux where now is situate the town of Chaska. In 1844 Father Galtier departed from the Northwest and Father Ravoux took his place as guardian of the missions of St. Peter and of St. Paul. In 1848 Reverend Joseph Bellecourt came down from the British Red River country to Pembina to minister to the spiritual wants of the settlements of Half-Breeds along the northern frontier, and there, in the month of November, 1849, he received as his colleague Reverend Albert Lacombe.

At the opening of the year 1849 there were

in what was to be the Diocese of St. Paul two priests, one in St. Paul and one in Pembina, with some five hundred Catholics at and around Pembina, and so many Catholics at and around St. Paul as may be estimated from the sixty-two baptisms recorded in Father Ravoux's register for the year 1848.

At that time the whole white population of the region did not aggregate two thousand, and St. Paul was "the little hamlet of bark-roofed cabins," with a population of less than two hundred.

But far-seeing men were forecasting the future. The Northwest owned treasures rarely found elsewhere—a soil most fertile, an atmosphere most health-giving. Inland seas bordered its shores, mighty rivers coursed amid its meadows and forests, and, even then, fancy could easily picture chariots, laden with its cereal riches, and raced by the Iron Horse towards the great marts of the commercial world. Already pioneer settlers, undaunted by the fewness of their numbers, were knocking at the doors of Congress to wrest from the federal government the authority to organize a civil commonwealth. And so, regardless of the present, trusting in the promises of the future, the leaders of the Catholic Church in America demanded that an episcopal see be erected in St. Paul. Seldom, if ever, in the United

States of America was an episcopal see erected with such a paucity of people and of priests; but seldom were there such wise apostles of religion as Loras, of Dubuque, and Henni, of Milwaukee, to see for themselves and to make their fellow bishops see with them what were the designs of Providence; and seldom was there found a region so capable of justifying the trust reposed in it as the Territory of Minnesota.

* * *

How rapidly the Territory of Minnesota did grow in poulation, in wealth, in the arts and refinements of civil and social culture, the majestic commonwealths of Minnesota and the two Dakotas give in this year of grace, 1901, ample and undisputed evidence. How far the Catholic Church within the olden Territory of Minnesota, the olden Diocese of St. Paul, did in its life keep pace with the life of the country within which lay its sphere of labor, and did respond in spiritual fruitage to the expectations begotten of its opportunities, the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul to-day affords the answer.

Immediately following the civil organization of the Territory of Minnesota immigration rapidly rushed northward, and a goodly part of it was Catholic. By the time of Bishop Cretin's arrival the population of the territory had risen to 5,000; that of the village of St. Paul to 1,200. The

number of Catholics in St. Paul and the surrounding district is to be estimated from the baptismal records, which give one hundred and one baptisms for the year 1850 and eighty-seven for the year 1851.

Preparations, too, for the future material growth of the church had been made with most praiseworthy sagacity by Father Ravoux, and the Bishop on his arrival found awaiting him not only the title deeds to the property between Third and Bench streets, which had as early as 1841 been claimed by Father Galtier, but also documents duly signed and sealed giving him the right to purchase two well situated pieces of ground, one of which is now that held and known as the Cathedral block.

At the death of Bishop Cretin, in 1857, the statistics for the Diocese of St. Paul were: 29 churches, 35 stations, where religious services were held occasionally; 20 priests, 5 convents of religious women, a monastery of Benedictine Fathers, a house of teaching Brothers, a hospital, several Catholic schools, and a Catholic population of nearly 50,000.

And now, in this jubilee year 1901, fifty years from the day when Bishop Cretin first blessed his little flock in his cabin-cathedral, there are, in what is barely more than the region then covered by the Diocese of St. Paul, six episcopal

sees, one of them vested with metropolitan dignity, 600 priests, a Catholic population of 400,000, and, in full proportion to this population, churches and convents, colleges and schools, asylums and hospitals commissioned and equipped to spread through city, town and hamlet over the whole land the strength and sweetness of Christian truth and Christian charity. Spirit of sainted Cretin, be among us, we pray thee, this morning, viewing with us thy vast spiritual demesne, once an empty waste, now blossoming bounteously beneath the wide-spreading, soul-protecting branches of the mighty tree the mustard seed of which thine own apostolic hands did plant in Minnesota's soil!

In no strain of vain boastfulness do we speak to-day. The glory belongs not to us. It belongs to the omnipotent and gracious God above us, who disposes in wisdom and love all secondary agencies, and pours upon them, as He wills, fertilizing rains. Much of what has been accomplished could not have come to pass without Minnesota itself, its soil and its climate; without great and good America, its freedom-giving institutions and its wealth-producing energies; without the modern age, its inventions and its aggressive audacities—all of which were so many necessary and useful factors in attracting and carrying hither vast populations. And what of human

will and labor there was employed in creating results, was that of those who went before us, bishops, priests, devoted sisters, faithful laymen, multitudes of men and women, who toiled long and wearily with unstinted sacrifice of heart and wondrous skill of mind to build up in these regions the Kingdom of Christ. Our part in the joyousness of this solemn celebration is simply that of thankfulness for the inheritance into which we have been allowed to enter, of honor-giving to whom honor is due, of personal offering to Christ and His Church, that the holy spirit of the past may, by God's grace, survive in us to-day and in our children to-morrow.

* * *

"Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation. The Lord hath wrought great things from the beginning."

The ideal missionary Bishop—such he was—whom Providence called to found the Diocese of St. Paul. In 1838 Joseph Cretin was parish priest of Ferney, in France, at one time the home of Voltaire, and for many years afterwards, because of the surviving social and doctrinal influence of "the philosopher," the seat of mischievous and widespread unbelief. Monsieur Cretin had won Ferney back to faith and to piety and made it a model parish. An educated and cult-

ured gentleman, no less than a zealous and saintly priest, blessed with the esteem and love of those whom he served, sure of highest honors if he but tarried yet a little while in his native land—he was not happy in Ferney. For years he had been consumed with a burning desire to be a missionary where fields were whitening unto harvest and reapers were few. China, where, he once wrote, he might hope for martyrdom, had long been before his mind as the promised land. Bishop Loras of Dubuque, his old-time college master, suddenly comes upon the scene, and Monsieur Cretin, at midnight hour, without word to father or mother, to parishioners or friends, who were likely to interpose obstacles, departs from Ferney, in journey to the distant Mississippi Valley. Ten years of labor in Iowa follow, where among whites and aborigines his name was in benediction. 'The Bishop of St. Paul!—a few remain who knew him; they tell his virtues. A tireless worker he was, day and night the servant of his people, often the sole clergyman in St. Paul, so rare then were priests; at other times the wearied traveler through forests and over prairies, in search of the lonely settler. Disinterested to a supreme degree, naught covetted he but souls; naught of comfort knew he but the pleasure of wiping away the tear of dis-

tress, and of drawing the sinner to repentance. "All to all"—this his device, as it was the rule of his daily living, and so, while with the gentleman and the scholar he wore the mien of dignity and refinement, with the poor and the lowly he put forth rather his humility and the sweetness of his simplicity of character. Ever the priest, and much because of this, he was the citizen and the public-spirited man; proud of his title of American, taking deep interest in public affairs, and lending readily to them aid of tongue and of hand. And thoughtful he was, far-seeing, eminently intelligent in his ministry. While neglecting no duty of the present day, he never turned his mind from the vision of the future, and he so labored that upon the foundations which he was putting into place a great edifice might one day be reared. The plans he made were so wise, the works he entered into were so befitting, that his successors have had no reason to diverge from the broad lines he traced; the impress of Cretin's mind and heart remains upon the Diocese of St. Paul.

Bishop Cretin was an arduous laborer in the cause of temperance; he did much to bring Catholic immigration to Minnesota; he appealed for missionaries to all the European countries whence immigrants were coming to him; he

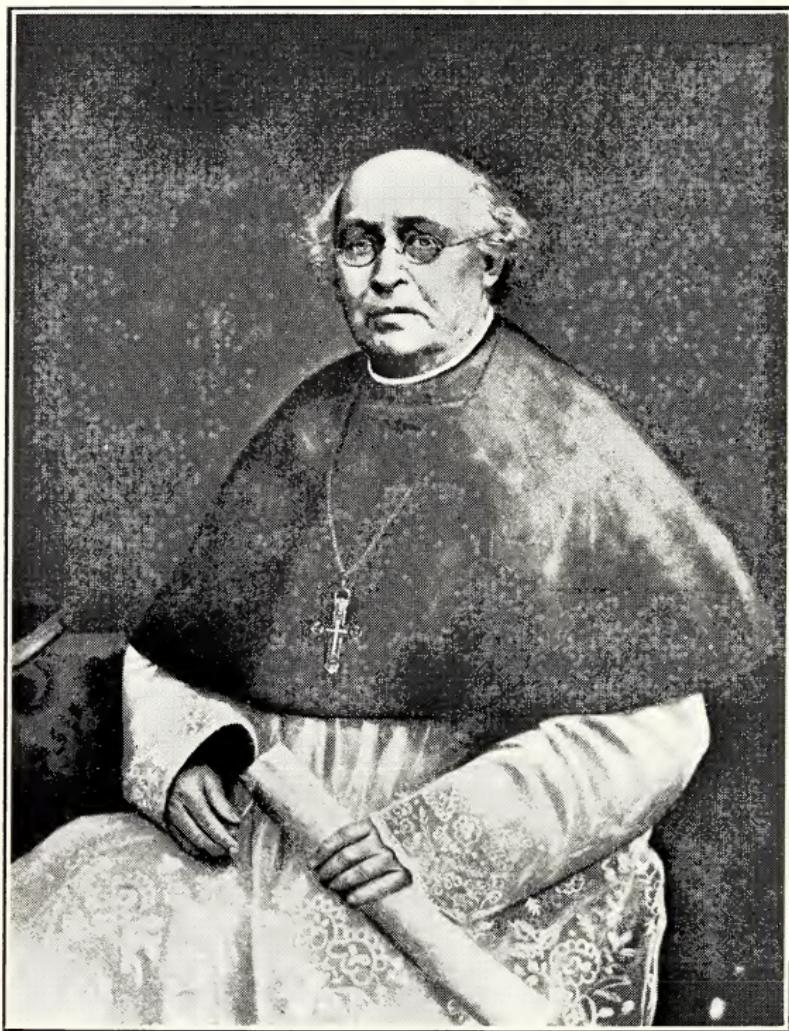
brought to Minnesota the Benedictine Fathers to meet the spiritual wants of German Catholics; he invited hither for the building up of schools and of institutes of charity the Sisterhood of St. Joseph. When in less than six years after his arrival death claimed him—aided so much in its destructive blow by his practices of bodily mortification and his effusiveness of apostolic zeal, the Diocese of St. Paul was firmly and wisely established. His task was finished; the Master's sentence awaited him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of the Lord."

To the first Bishop of St. Paul, Father Ravoux, in his memoirs, pays a tribute so beautiful in its truth that I gladly repeat it: "His ardent zeal and charity for his fellow-men, his constant labor, his mildness, his sincere humility and spirit of prayer were strong and convincing proofs to us all, that in his mind, in his heart, he had but two objects in view—the glory of God and the sanctification of souls—and that he is well entitled to have these words upon his tomb: 'O God! the zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up.'"

One project was the passion of Bishop Cretin's life. In the realization of that project, he saw the assured spiritual welfare of the Diocese; it was that of a seminary for the education of young

men, chiefly the children of Minnesota itself, for the holy priesthood. From first to last, during his episcopate, he talked and planned for a seminary; when death was drawing nigh he was speaking of it. But the time for a seminary in St. Paul had not come; it was a dream most beautiful; but a half century ago it could be only a dream, a dream of what ought to be, of what was to be. What more fitting, what more pleasing to the spirit of our Bishop in Heaven, on this fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in St. Paul, than that the ceremonies appertaining to it be observed in hallowed groves amid which noble Christian munificence has gifted the diocese of St. Paul with a superb theological seminary, that to-day, in honor of this anniversary, the corner-stone be laid of a chapel worthy of such a seminary, that the priests of the Diocese of St. Paul mark their esteem and love of Bishop Cretin's memory by pouring with noblest generosity their favors upon the Diocesan Preparatory Seminary of St. Thomas? To-day, sainted Bishop, thy beauteous dream is a beauteous reality.

Joseph Cretin passed away in 1857; in 1859, Thomas Langdon Grace succeeded him in the see of St. Paul. I shall, I trust, be pardoned if this morning I do not essay a picture of Bishop



MOST REV. THOMAS L. GRACE, D. D.
Second Bishop of St. Paul.

Grace's episcopate. Virtues and deeds, assuredly, there are in profusion, with which to embellish a canvas of no mean proportions ; and the brush to make the tracings would in my hand move under the impulse of tenderest love from the deepest depths of the heart. But it were the wish, I am confident, of dear Bishop Grace himself, that on this fiftieth anniversary his name be drawn aside, in order to set in more marked relief that of the founder of the Diocese, to whom our anniversary must needs bear chief relation. Nor is there the need to speak of Bishop Grace, whom my hearers saw depart, as it were, but yesterday. They know, as well as I know, and they confess as willingly as I confess, that the part in the building up of the Diocese of St. Paul which fell to his lot was immense ; that ever, throughout his long episcopate, such was his saintliness of living, and his intelligent application to duty, that among the brightest pages in the story of the Catholic Church in America must needs be those over which is spread the name of the second Bishop of St. Paul.

The priests of the Diocese of St. Paul ! At once I single out and salute the Nestor among them to whom time and service award a place apart—Augustine Ravoux. For a full half score of years before there was a Diocese of St. Paul

Father Ravoux was a priest in the Northwest, the “Black-Robe” of the untutored Sioux, the friend and adviser of the earliest white settler, the pastor of a parish knowing as bounds, if bounds at all it had, the Chippewa River and Lake Superior to the east and the Missouri River to the west; the patriarch, the predecessor in office of all the bishops, and all the priests of the whole ecclesiastical province of St. Paul. In loneliness, in poverty, in suffering, he cared for the Master’s cause throughout this whole vast region, never daunted, never coveting a surcease of labor, ever the true Christian, ever the true apostle. The event of the 2nd of July, 1851, was but the crowning of Father Ravoux’s previous labors, the realization of his vows and hopes. He it was who first foresaw the opportunities for the Church in the Northwest, who made those opportunities known to Bishops Loras and Henni, and in this manner hastened the erection of the Diocese of St. Paul. And on this day of its fiftieth anniversary, he is with us, reviving before us the whole past of the Church in the Northwest, impersonating before us our duties to it as they are to-day, as they will be to-morrow. Behold the stately pine, solitary in its towering height; its fellows, that once with it beautified the forest, have one by one fallen around it; the trees of newer germinations may

measure from it to what growth they should aspire.

And to another shall I say a special word of hail. In the month of November, 1849, Reverend Albert Lacombe arrived in Pembina as auxiliary to Reverend Joseph Bellecourt. Father Lacombe had been but recently ordained in Canada. His soul aglow with the fire of the priesthood, he consecrated himself to the far-away missions among Half-Breeds and Indians, and journeyed for five months, by way of Dubuque, where he was to receive his jurisdiction, to the northern frontier. Since then he has never ceased his apostolate. His zeal has borne him far beyond the limits of his first field. The valleys of the Saskatchewan and the Peace have witnessed his wondrous triumphs. Distant Calgary could not restrain him from taking part this morning in our solemnities.

The priests of the Diocese of St. Paul! The men, especially, of the olden time, the builders of the Diocese! We are proud to pay tribute to their names. They were largely, at first, sons of fair France. The early Catholics of Minnesota, in great numbers, spoke French. Bishop Cretin, a Frenchman, could best obtain missionaries from France; and, then, France is the classic land of missionaries. But soon other

countries, and America itself, offered their contingents. They were men of faith, those pioneer priests, unsparing of self, heedless of earthly reward, truly seekers of souls. How arduous their task we cannot easily realize, surrounded as we are with conditions so unlike theirs; how well they did their work, the parishes they founded, the generations of Catholics they baptized and instructed will tell for long years to come. A few of them are yet among us, with whitened hair, bending forms, even maimed limbs, the signs of valiant and chivalrous warfare—an Oster, a Goiffon, a Robert, a Buh. Others of them have passed to the life beyond the grave—among them a Pierz, a Ledon, a Marogna, a Haindl, a Murray, a Caillet; but their memory remains, and their deeds still fill the land. Need I render tribute to the priests of later sacerdotal generations? The Diocese of St. Paul—the province of St. Paul—speaks for them. Such the diocese; such its priesthood. Bishops inspire and direct; priests painfully chisel and put in place the stone and spread over it the cement; theirs is the chief part in the glory of the structure.

And how much in the growth of religion in this Northwest is due to our loyal Sisterhoods! One of them was with us from the beginning;

others came to us in subsequent years; all have worked for God and for souls with faith intense and charity unquenchable. To educate the youth, to rear the orphan, to win back the wayward, to comfort the poor and the infirm—such their daily avocations, in addition to which they temper our spiritual atmosphere with sweet piety, and offer supplications to Heaven for graces upon the many who themselves seldom pray. The fruits of the labors of our Sisterhoods in the field of religion are most rich, and much of the ground now blessed with harvest would without them have lain fallow and barren. Our gratitude to them is heartfelt and enduring, and our joy is great that their ranks are ever widening to make room for daughters of our people, whom deep faith challenges in large numbers to the service of God and of the neighbor.

With later years other valued auxiliaries came to us in the Brothers of the Christian Schools, whose labors for the education of our Catholic boys show forth such precious results in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

* * *

And, then, in the building up of the Diocese of St. Paul, from the first day to the present, there was given yeoman service by the faithful Catholic laity. Who, but the laity, provided the means

wherewith to equip our militant forces, and maintain them in the field? Who, but the laity, provided the means wherewith to cover the land with churches, schools and institutions of charity? The generosity of the Catholic laity in Minnesota has been marvelous. The sums of money laid by them on the altars of religion and of charity are beyond calculation. When reading is made of our religious statistics, let the blush of honest and honorable pride mantle the cheeks of our laymen; let them say, as truth commands, the works which we see around us are ours. Nor was the giving of money their only part. They were the vanguards of the priesthood; they prepared the way for the priesthood, and induced it to follow them; and before the priesthood had come to them they did among themselves, as far as they were allowed, the work of the ministry, coming together on Sundays for public prayer and pious reading, instructing the youth in the catechism, comforting the sick, upholding in the faith the weak and wavering. The traditions of our early settlements, coupling in apparent jest with the names of respected patriarchs the titles of bishops or priests, bear testimony to this lay apostolate. Nor was the zeal of the laity confined to earlier days; while putting on new forms, to suit newness of circumstances, it burst forth

into more fervent action, as religion was being more firmly established, and the range of its needs was widened. How often the suggestion of further work for God and for souls came from the laity! How readily such work as fell with appropriateness to their own hands, was seized upon by them! How much aid was given to religion by charitable and benevolent associations that were formed of laymen! And how quick was at all times their response to just and well-warranted appeals of their clergy for encouragement and co-operation! The Church will never prosper in any land, however admirable the priesthood, unless the laity deeply realize that its interests are in large part theirs, and that the labor in furtherance of those interests must also in large part be theirs. A reason of the special strength of the Church in the Northwest is the active co-operation of the laity with the priesthood in developing its interests.

Nor shall I, on this solemn occasion, omit a tribute of justice to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. They have aided us in building up the Church in the Northwest. For this be they praised, be they thanked. No obstacles whatever did they put in our way. Even in free America there are few places where religious freedom has so reigned as in Minnesota and its two neighboring states, North Dakota and South Dakota.

Here no inimical legislation ever despoiled a class of citizens of their religious rights ; no unchristian prejudice marred political relations or disturbed social peace. Here Catholics and non-Catholics ever had the good sense, I shall say the rare intelligence, to understand that however much one deems his own conscience sacred and intangible, he must respect the conscience of his neighbors, and respect it precisely because he respects his own, and asks that his own be respected ; to understand that, however much we may differ from one another in religious belief, we are brothers, children of one omnipotent Father, servants of one great humanity, and that outside the sphere of our religious creed, however loyal we are, and ought to be to it, we can easily discover multitudinous interests, which we and our neighbors are bound to serve, and which cannot prosper unless all citizens together befriend them in peace and harmony.

Our non-Catholic fellow-citizens have done us the justice to believe that the sole arms with which the Catholic Church could wish to widen its inheritance are those of truth, of virtue and of charity ; that one of its cardinal principles is to render honor and obedience to country, and to country's laws ; that it would not wish to live, if while living it were not helping to make souls

purer, to lessen in the world sin and misery, to raise society to higher spiritual stages, to bring down upon earth the Kingdom of the Father, who is in Heaven. All this, our non-Catholic fellow-citizens have been willing to believe; and so believing, they have allowed us full freedom of action, and put us on our mettle to show ourselves worthy of our profession. Not seldom even have they been liberal contributors to our charities and our works of education. May the pleasing relations which have existed in the Northwest between Catholics and non-Catholics be never broken, be never less sweet and joyous than we recognize them to-day to be.

* * *

Were time allowed, fain would I linger in contemplation of the Church in the olden Diocese of St. Paul, such as its founder and its zealous workers of the years gone by have made it. I have told but of its outward forms and of the agencies it has been able to enlist in the furtherance of its divine mission. Statistics, such as they may be, of priests, of homes of worship, of institutions of divers kinds, only describe means of doing good. But not from the means at its disposal, but from the results actually accomplished through those means is a religious organization to be judged. The first and essential

mission of the Church is the sanctification of souls, by the infusion into them of the truths of Christ's revelation, and of the graces of His redemption. How far in this Northwest souls have been sanctified, made Christlike, fitted for the enjoyment of Heavenly bliss, God knows; we cannot know. We cannot read beyond outward signs; the final verdict we must leave to God. But if signs do not deceive, there is much, beyond directory reports, to cause us to rejoice in the work of our fathers and predecessors.

The faith of Catholics in this Northwest is deep-souled and fruit-giving. Of this even statistics are the proofs. For, without such faith the works we are told of were not possible. The faith of our Catholics is firm and untainted. Materialism and unbelief make no inroads upon it; modern attacks upon Christ and His Gospel move it not; it is attuned in loyalty unreserved to the teachings of Holy Church, to the voice of its Supreme Pontiff. It is a fearless faith. Our Catholics know not human respect; they are not affrighted in the profession of their religion by menaces of loss of popular favor or of earthly fortune. It is a living faith. The thronging multitudes in temples and around sacramental tables give evidence that among us the profession of Catholic faith bears with it the loyal practice of that faith.



REV. JOSEPH BELLECOURT
Pembina, 1848.

The Church in the Northwest has had no reason to mourn departures from her ranks. Beyond a few isolated cases, the results of accidental and rarely occurring circumstances, there has been no leakage in the Church in the Northwest. On the other hand, conversions have annually been counted by the several hundreds.

We are not without the confidence that the manner of living of our Catholics as a body is such that they who see it may recognize in it the blossoming of the high-born principles of Christ's Gospel and the sweetness of the perfume of His grace.

* * *

And, now, to ourselves! Back, for a moment, in rapid flight over the pathway of fifty years! In a supreme effort, we conjure up before the soul's vision the men, the deeds, the virtues, which those years, one after another, reveal; we inhale into minds and hearts the spirit which they breathe. Then, what think we? What say we?

Shall we be unworthy sons of noblest sires? Are their deeds not to be repeated? Are their virtues not to live? Are the honors we have decreed to the past to be, as it were, its funeral dirge; and not, rather, its reawakening, its perpetuation, with intensified animation, in our-

selves? The men of the past scorn our tributes of praise and gratitude, unless these tributes be our consecration of our own selves to the cause which they loved and served.

If in their poverty, and fewness of numbers, they did so much, how much more may we do, enriched as we are with the fruits of their labors, with the wealth of energy and opportunity which our times afford. Oh, with the ardent faith, and the spirit of sacrifice of a Cretin, of the priests and people of former days, what may we not do for God and His Church during the next half-century in the Northwest!

The lesson of our jubilee is earnestness in the things of God and of the human soul. And the lesson is most needed. As the world moves, men are more and more absorbed in the activities of matter, more and more dazzled with its splendors and triumphs. They take but scant time to contemplate things spiritual and supernatural; they lose the sense of the value of all things whatsoever that do not minister to their bodily wants, that do not shed lustre upon their earthly existence. Against the spirit of materialism which spreads over humanity darkest shadowings, hiding from it the vision of heaven and of heaven's God, there must be strenuous battling; else evil days are before men. For whatever the power and the promises of matter, it does not

provide for the eternal wants of the human soul; it does not create the moral righteousness without which human life on earth is not bearable; and service given to it does not take the place of service due to Almighty God, the Supreme Master of the universe, to whom all men are subject, away from whom there is for men no life that is real, no happiness that is enduring. no life that is real, no happiness that is enduring.”

CHAPTER IV.

Letter of the Holy Father to Archbishop Ireland.

Pope Leo XIII. noticed and honored the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Diocese of St. Paul by the following autograph letter to the Archbishop of St. Paul:

LETTER OF THE HOLY FATHER.
LEO PP. XIII.

*Venerabilis Frater,
Salutem et Apostolicam Benedicionem.*

Quinquaginta annorum spatio feliciter emenso, ex quo Paulopolitanae civitati honor episcopalis Cathedrae delatus fuit, iure catholicorum istorum animi laetitia gestiunt, parantque gratias Deo agere celebritate maxima. Praeteriti enim temporis memoriam repetentibus obsersantur nascensis istius ecclesiae primordia, exigua illa quidem atque humilia; fideles namque ad centena aliquot numerabantur, nec nisi terni erant sacerdotes, qui sacra administrarent. At modo, Paulopolitana sedes ad archiepiscopalem evecta, senas dioeceses obnoxias habet; omnesque non modo cleri ac

Leo PP. XIII

Venerabilis Frater,
Salutem et Apostolicam benedictionem.

Quinquaginta annorum spatio feliciter emisso, ex quo Paulopolitanæ civitati honor episcopales Cathedrae delatus fuit, inter catholicorum iste cum animi laetitia gestant, parantque gratias Deo agere celebriter maxima. Præterit enim tempus memoriam apertentibus obversantur nascentes istius ecclesiae primoribus, ex quae illud quidem alij humilia; fideles namque ad centena de quod numerabantur, nec nisi loci erant sacerdotes, qui sacra administrarent. Ab modo, Paulopolitanæ sedes ad archiepiscopalem evoluta, senas dieceses obnoxias habet; omnisque non modo cleri ac fideliuum frequentia, verum etiam pietate et catholicis institalis in exemplum florent. Libenter igitur, Venerabiles Frater, laetitiam vestram subsum communicamus, quasque vos Deo Optimo Maximo gratias acturi estis, eisdem etsi hos agemus, omnes implorantes ut que vobis auctoritate uberrime fortunatis, lacteioribus vos in dies incrementis augeat. Opia vero non ignoramus hunc rerum conditionem solatii plenam, misericordiam param, deberi tibi, qui Paulopolitanæ ecclesiæ iam triginta et sex annis impendes operam: gratulamur navitati tue, capue quam sit etiam in posterum strenue factura incunde ex hac tenus actis præcipimus. Inter a testem caritatis Nostri ac munierum divinorum speciem tibi, Episcopus, clero ac fidelibus paulopolitanæ provinciae Apostolicum benedictionem amantissime impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die XXVII Junii MDCCLXV, Pontificatus Nostri anno vice simo. quartos.

Leo XIII.

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crementis augeat. Quia vero non ignoramus
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mam partem, deberi tibi, qui Paulopolitanae ec-
clesiae iam triginta et sex annis impendis op-
eram; gratulamur navitati tuae, eaque quam sit
etiam in posterum strenue factura iucunde ex
hactenus actis praecipimus. Interea testem cari-
tatis Nostrae ac munerum divinorum auspicem
tibi, episcopis, clero ac fidelibus paulopolitanae
provinciae Apostolicam benedictionem amantis-
sime impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die XVIII.
Junii MCMI, Pontificatus Nostri anno vicesimo
quarto.

(Seal.)

LEO PP. XIII.

(Translation.)

TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHER JOHN,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

Fifty years having happily passed since to the
City of St. Paul was given the honor of being

made the See of a Bishop, it is but right that its Catholic people should rejoice and prepare to give thanks to God with the greatest possible solemnity. As memory goes back over these past fifty years, there arise before us the pioneer days of that nascent church, small and humble indeed; for the faithful then numbered but a few hundred, and to minister to them there were but three priests. But now the See of St. Paul, raised to metropolitan honors, has five suffragan dioceses, and all of them singularly flourishing not only in numbers of clergy and faithful, but also in religious spirit and Catholic institutions. With great pleasure, therefore, venerable brother, do we share in your joy, and with you give thanks to God, beseeching Him who gave such abundant and happy growth to your beginnings, to grant you greater and more joyful increase in the future. Moreover, being well aware that the present condition of your province, so full of consolation, is due in very great part to yourself and your service of thirty-six* years in the church of St. Paul, we give special credit to your energy, and what great things it shall accomplish in the future we confidently infer from the results of the past. Meanwhile, as an earnest of

*The Holy Father evidently alludes to the Archbishop's years in the priesthood as well as in the episcopate. The term of years is inaccurately put at thirty-six, it should be forty.

our affection and as an augury of divine favors we impart most lovingly to yourself, the suffragans, the clergy, the faithful of the province of St. Paul the Apostolic blessing.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1901, in the 24th year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII.

CHAPTER V.

Laying of the Corner Stone of Seminary Chapel—Sermon
of Bishop O'Gorman.

The corner stone of St. Mary's chapel at the St. Paul Seminary was laid with appropriate ceremonies at four o'clock on the afternoon of the second of July. The chapel adds the final touch of perfection to the Seminary's equipment, and brings to fruition the plans of the builders of the Diocese of St. Paul. Though the Aula Maxima in the Recitation building of the Seminary supplied a suitable locale for the religious exercises of the institution, it was used only as an expedient till circumstances would permit a separate place of worship to be erected. The opportunity at length came; and, happily, it was possible to celebrate on the same day the founding of the Seminary chapel and the completion of fifty years of diocesan history. As the seminary is the soul of the diocese, and as the sanctuary may properly be called the soul of the seminary, the golden jubilee of the Diocese of St. Paul fittingly culminated in the establishment of St. Mary's chapel.

Resting on a high plot of ground two hundred feet to the north of the Administration building, the new chapel will present in its chastely ornate style of architecture a pleasing contrast to the classic simplicity of the other parts of the Seminary. The structure will be fifty-eight feet in width by one hundred and fifty-six feet in length. The cross surmounting the nave gables is to be fifty-eight feet from the ground. The exterior walls of the chapel are to be made of Kettle River sandstone, with Bedford stone trimmings, the main floor of steel and concrete, and the interior walls of brick. A striking feature of the building is the main entrance on Summit avenue, which, when completed, will symbolize in stone carving the beauty, the strength and the purity of the Church. Much thought and study will be given to this part of the work, in the hope of making it an artistic utterance worthy of its surroundings. Apsidal altars projecting from the aisles break up the long east and west elevations. The sacristy and ambulatory complete the architectural composition. The interior is basilican in type, with long nave ending in a deep circular apse at the sanctuary. Stone columns and arches separate the nave from the aisles; white marble columns complete the effect in the sanctuary. The organ gallery will be placed over the main entrance at the

north or entrance end. The ceiling will be of wood heavily coffered. The large wall spaces offer excellent opportunities for color effects in the mural decorations.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Chapel was conducted by the Right Reverend James Trobec, Bishop of St. Cloud, in the presence of a vast concourse of the clergy and the laity.

An impressive feature of the occasion was the following discourse by the Bishop of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the Right Reverend Thomas O'Gorman :

THE SERMON.

"The laying of the corner stone of the Seminary Chapel not only completes this noble group of scholastic buildings, but also marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Seminary in the Diocese of St. Paul. To be exact, we shall be anticipating the Seminary's golden jubilee by a year only. We may then say that the Diocese and the Seminary are one age. Both may be included in the one celebration.

Wonderful men were the pioneer bishops of the Church in the Northwest, full of faith and hope in God, full of confidence in the future destiny of their field of labor, broad in view, tireless in energy. Loras comes to a diocese, compris-

ing Iowa, Minnesota and half of the Dakotas, and finds no priest, no church, a mere handful of Catholics. Quarter takes possession of the State of Illinois as his diocese, and there is no priest left there under his jurisdiction. To Henni are assigned Wisconsin and so much of Minnesota as lies east of the Mississippi, and in this territory he finds but six priests. Cretin is appointed to a diocese comprising Minnesota and half of the Dakotas, and what finds he? A few small Catholic settlements in Mendota, St. Anthony, and Stillwater, a somewhat larger congregation in St. Paul, his see-city, and at that time a village; and one priest, lonely sentinel of Rome between the Mississippi and the Missouri, the Iowa line South and the British line North, one priest whose form laden with years and apostolic labors stands to-day among us to tell of the trials and hardships of pioneer days, to tell with the eloquence of a living object-lesson of the glories and triumphs of the present day. In the Rt. Rev. Augustine Ravoux we salute the patriarch of this Province which was once his parish. He sowed the acorn of this wide-spreading oak, he rocked the cradle of this mighty giant. Let the honors of this celebration be the crown we bind about his venerable brow.

It is sixty-two years since Loras, the first of these Northwestern bishops I have named, ar-

rived in Dubuque; it is fifty years since Cretin, the last of them, came to St. Paul. Look at the Church as she is to-day in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas, count the bishops and priests and faithful, and tell me, is there anything like this growth in the twenty centuries of the Church's existence? I know nothing like it, I know not of its equal in the past. The causes of this unexampled phenomenon are many. I name but one: there were giants in those days. Those first bishops, without cathedrals and churches, without a clergy, almost without a flock, but with boundless faith and hope, with keen minds and brave hearts, laid hold at once of all the vital problems, took up at once all the great works, and inaugurated, from the moment they trod the soil of their jurisdiction, all the enterprises that make the life and the glory of a Catholic diocese. They waited not for the opportunities to come, they created the opportunities. They tarried not, peering into the dim distance and calling unto the silent wastes for a harvest that did not yet exist. To the work at their feet humbly but courageously they set their hands, and to the virgin soil they committed the seed which, with heaven's blessing, was to grow into the harvest. See Cretin at work, initiating all the undertakings that have made this Province flourishing and great: Catholic edu-

tion, Catholic colonization, total abstinence, and a diocesan Seminary. This last work is my theme.

No sooner was the building finished in which were housed parochial school, pro-cathedral and his own modest living rooms, than he looked about him for the future laborers in the vineyard. He knew, of course, that for many years to come he must rely, for the recruiting of his clergy, on Catholic France, Germany and Ireland, since it was these countries that were sending their children to our fertile Northwestern prairies. Generously have those old centres of Catholicity responded to the expectation and generously do they still respond. They have endowed the Church of the United States with missionaries worthy of the early centuries, with bishops that deserve to be ranked with the great prelates of history. But Cretin, when he looked into the future, saw far, for he had the eye of a prophet. He saw the day when the Church of the United States must stand by herself, live of herself, perpetuate herself, and rear a clergy, no longer adopted, but born of her own womb. That day is already risen on the Province of St. Paul. His first choice of candidates for the priesthood indicated and emphasized the prophetic vision. For that first choice he looked not abroad, across the ocean, to the old home of

Catholicity whence he and his first companions came; he looked not to the older dioceses of this country that might have spared of their recruits; he looked into the small flock of faithful who came to worship in the second story of the brick building on Wabasha Street; he looked into the small school he had just opened in the basement of that building.

He would have the priests of the future children of the soil whereon they were to labor, children of the people among whom they were to labor for souls and God. He believed that the supernatural graces of ordination are strengthened by the responsibilities of nature, that the demands of human honor are a safeguard to the demands of a divine calling. Down into his school basement he went, and there chose two boys whom he had already admitted to serve in the sanctuary, and leading them up stairs to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, he said: "My dear boys, let us kneel and say a prayer. I put you under the protection of God and of His Blessed Mother; you are the beginning of my diocesan Seminary, the first seminarians of St. Paul." Through God's grace and the blessing of His Holy Mother the beginning proved fortunate. One of those boys is John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, the other is the bishop who has the honor of speaking on this occasion that recalls

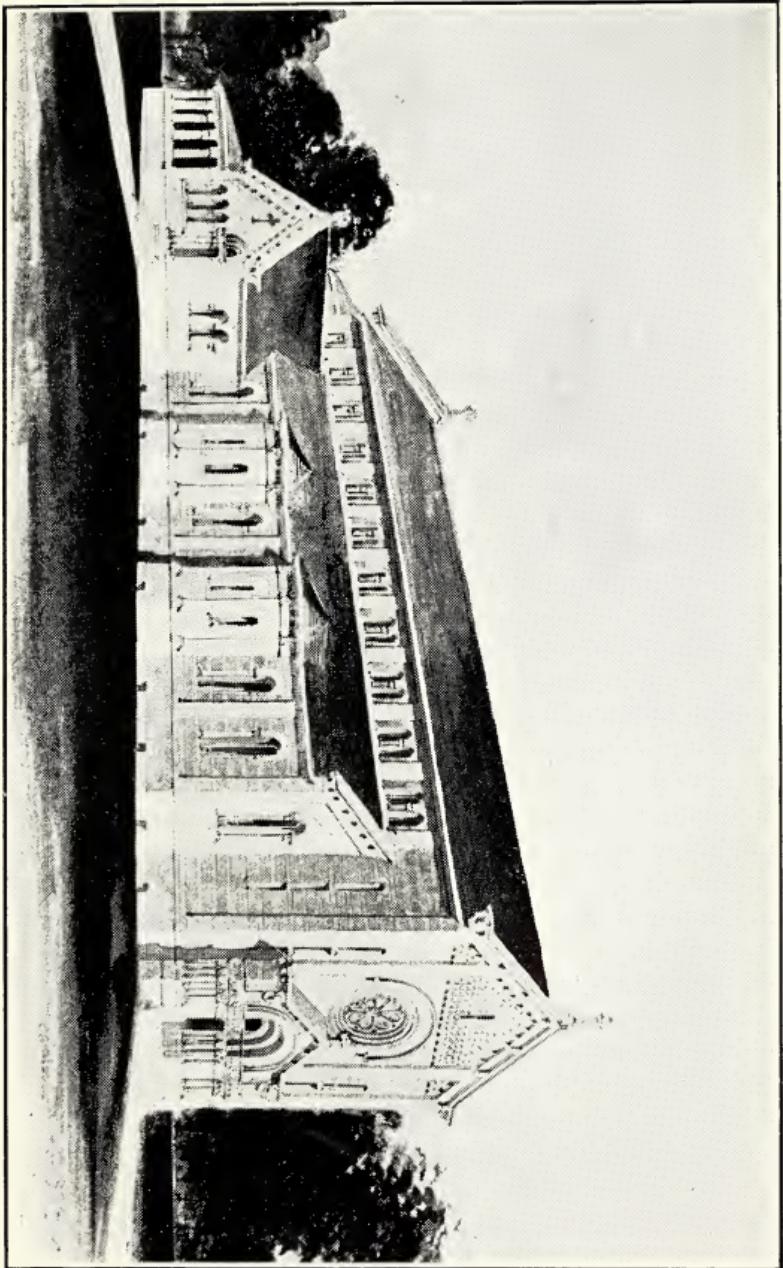
to us both and to a few of my hearers distant and sweet memories.

Thus was founded the Seminary of St. Paul forty-nine years ago. These buildings are recent, but the Seminary, since it is living candidates for the priesthood more than stones or bricks that make a seminary, is half a century old. It began the day Bishop Cretin chose and named and blessed as his first seminarians those two St. Paul boys at the altar in the historic brick building that has since given way, before the ruthless march of progress, to a great department store, corner of Sixth and Wabasha Streets. Nor did the Seminary lapse with those first seminarians. It was continued through a succession of students, trained in various institutions here and abroad, until the College of St. Thomas yonder, and more recently these buildings, the gift of a generous citizen of St. Paul, furnished a home into which the scattered seminarians of the Diocese might be gathered, and formed in the atmosphere and traditions that have come to us from our founders. It is the unique glory of this Province that all its bishops at the present hour have been seminarians of the Diocese of St. Paul, four of them altar boys at the Cathedral. No wonder their union is close; and in that union is to be found the secret of the flourishing condition of this Province. And you, brother

priests, gathered here to-day in so great number, most of you have been seminarians of the Diocese; many of you claim the college of St. Thomas or the Seminary of St. Paul as your theological Alma Mater. And you, dear brethren of the laity, who more than you have a right to rejoice in the past history and present prosperity and future prospects of this Seminary? For, after all, it is mainly you who are interested in the possession and guidance of a learned and holy priesthood. Thus are we all gladdened in this festivity; thus do we all glory to-day in the ancestry whence we are descended, and rejoice that on this fiftieth anniversary of the coming of Bishop Cretin, the founder of the Seminary, the work of half a century is completed and crowned by the laying of this corner stone.

* * *

The Seminary is a professional school for the training of the priest in his professional duties. Every professional school teaches its pupils a certain department of human knowledge or action, and introduces them into a certain class of workers for the welfare of society. The medical school teaches the diseases of man, the remedies for those diseases, and incorporates the graduate into the medical body. So the law school, the engineering school and the rest. Likewise the Seminary prepares the young levite to enter into a hierarchical body, the clergy, and teaches him



ST. MARY'S CHAPEL—THE ST. PAUL SEMINARY.

an intellectual system, Theology. The clergy is that body of men who are the legitimate successors of the twelve Apostles, chosen and commissioned by Christ to transmit to other men the truths and the grace which he brought to the world and by which men are enabled to attain their final destiny. Theology is the divine revelation formulated into human language, cast into definite propositions, classified according to a philosophical system; the work of the human mind pondering throughout the ages on the revealed truths. Theology, any more than Physics, Chemistry or other science, does not create the matter upon which it works. Theology is a science and science is only analysis, investigation, classification of facts, physical, mental or moral, of facts deriving from God Creator or Revealer. By Christ's institution and by the development of ages Christianity is a social organization, and it is an intellectual system. The qualifications, the rights, the duties, the work of this organization; the articles, the growth, the evolution of this intellectual system; such is the matter of the professional training that the Seminary gives to candidates for the priesthood.

But, while it is true that Christianity has its social and intellectual systems, its organization and its theology, let us not forget that these are but means to an end; that back of theology and

organism lies, or rather through theology and organism is effected, a result that the Gospels present as the very essence of Christianity : namely, the personal relationship of man with God through the Incarnate Word, Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Practically Christianity is worship, love and imitation of Christ. Long before heresy had forced the Church to analyze and define the truths she held from God, before Christianity was cast into dogmatic form, religion was primarily personal devotion to Christ and reproduction of his life in the lives of those who believed in Him. To-day, as of yore, the vitality of the Church and of the individual Christian lies in the conviction and the depth of conviction with which this personal relationship is realized. The weakness, the danger, the decay of the Church is not heresy or chism ; for these she can brand and cast out. Want of consistency with Christ, contradiction between the ideal and actual in conduct, insincerity of life ; there is the weakness, the danger, the decay. Belief is easy, right living is hard. Why? Because there is an obstacle in the way, and it is this obstacle that marks the mission of the Church and of the priest in the world.

* * *

If you were to take the account of the press, and the account of the press in the question as accepted by non-Catholics, what would be the

mission of the Church in the world? To keep watch on the political trend of nations; to make the best terms with every government that will enter into agreement with her; to receive ambassadors; to send abroad nuncios and delegates; to create cardinals; to name archbishops and bishops; to adjudicate between the orders of the clergy and settle their differences; to build and dedicate churches, universities, seminaries and schools; to hold solemn services before vast crowds with finest music, gorgeous vestments, amid flowers, lights, incense and surpliced throngs around the thrones of dignitaries in the sanctuary; to interfere with the intellectual and scientific progress of the world. For such things only and things less spiritual does the press know and publish about the work of the Church.

Now, we must grant that the Church, having for environment political communities and being herself a perfect society, must enter into relations with them, even where the doctrine of separation of Church and State prevails, because the separation can never be so complete as to do away with all contact; because the church teaches the moral law, and morality cannot be separated from politics. We must grant that the Church, being a world-wide society, must have her machinery for administration, her cardinals, archbishops, bishops, congregations, delegates and tribunals. We must grant that the Church, be-

ing the embodiment, the sacrament, so to speak, the organ of interior worship, must be ceremonial, architectural and artistic. We must grant that the Church, being the infallible guardian and interpreter of revealed truth, must guide and control reason to the extent that reason do not run counter to revelation, that she must stake out her own territory in the land of knowledge, preserve the faithful from error, indicate the theories that are dangerous to faith, that she must be as the engineer who holds in one hand the lever that lets out the steam to the car of knowledge, and in the other hand the lever that puts the brake on its too precipitate and maddened course.

But, granting all this, it is not in these things that consists the essential and primary mission of the Church and the priesthood. It is not in these things that consisted the mission of Christ. His mission and hers is to lead man to his eternal destiny. How is that done? By removing the obstacle to that destiny, sin; by taking man out of sin and keeping him from sin, if he only will, for even God respects man's will, until he surrender his life into the hands of his Maker. Everything in the Church has this removal of sin for object. Dogma, ceremonial, government, sacrifice, sacraments, of what avail are they unless they effect and bring about right conduct, moral living, communion with God through





MOST REV. JOHN MARTIN HENNI, D. D.
First Bishop of Milwaukee.

Christ? The Church is a means to secure this to man, just as civil government is a means to secure the natural inborn rights of man, life, liberty, property, the pursuit of happiness. Man must live under government because there is no other means to secure his rights; likewise man must live in and under the Church because there is no other means—at least God has made known no other means, and he is final judge in the premises—by which man may reach his final destiny. This is the work the Church is doing in the world. She is doing it through her priests.

* * *

And now we know her, this queenly spouse of Christ. She has come forth from his side not to increase the wealth and commerce of earth, to cover its oceans with ships, to girdle its continents with rails, to beautify human lives with literature, poetry, inventions and art, to lord it over states and nations in things temporal, to build magnificent temples, to fill them with pomp of ceremony and wave of harmony and fragrance of incense, to parade before the wondering eyes of men her tiaraed pontiff, scarlet cardinals, mighty legates and jeweled bishops. No, for none of these things directly and exclusively, for none of these things, except in so far as they may bear on the one great task given by her Lord and Master; and that is, to do away with sin, to make man moral and Christ-like, to make

him know, love and serve God here in order that he may continue to do so in a hereafter higher, purer, nobler, more glorious and everlasting.

O Church of Christ, mother of the soul, that the world might see and know thee as thou art! Tabernacle of God with man! "And I saw the Holy City," writes St. John, "the new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. And I heard a great voice from the throne saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with man, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be their God." So let her stand in my eyes, the home of the Supernatural in nature, of the Eternal in time, of the Divine in the human. Let her stand like the cathedral in the medieval town. Its pinnacles and towers and spires glitter in the sunlight, while in the street below the twilight deepens over the going and coming of men, above the cottages clustered about its base, above the many storied palaces of wealth, above the noisy marts of commerce the glorious minster looms up, the one object in the picture that holds the eye and the imagination. In man's homes you find human interests and passions, joys and sorrows, smiles and tears; poor humanity living out its mortal life. In God's home you find the Magdalen repenting and pardoned, the Prodigal kneeling and exalted; redeemed humanity work-

ing out its sublime and eternal destiny. Such is the Church of God.

This is the mission, this the work to which our seminarians must be trained more carefully, more necessarily than they are trained in the intellectual, the administrative and the ceremonial systems of the Church. If the priest is to be Christ's minister, Christ's agent, Christ's ambassador in the salvation of his fellow-men, he should be another Christ. If he is to take away sin from others, he should keep sin from himself. If he is to build others in the imitation and likeness of Christ, he should be a perfect copy of the model; in a word, he should possess holiness. Those buildings stand for science, since there the seminarian comes in contact with the theologians of the past and the present. This building stands for holiness, since here he comes in contact with Christ, whose dwelling it is.

O Lord, Master, Chief of our priestly order, Teacher and Ruler of the Seminary whence graduated the first twelve priests, consecrate and bless these walls that we raise to be Thy Tabernacle. Grant that within them our seminarians may take on Thy Spirit from daily companionship with Thee. Grant that from this sanctuary they go forth, redolent, as with the oil, so also with the virtues of Thine own eternal priesthood for the salvation of souls and the glory of Thy Father."

CHAPTER VI.

Jubilee Album—Fund for St. Thomas College.

For the purpose of procuring and putting into permanent form a series of pictures illustrating the material growth of the Diocese during its fifty years of life, the Archbishop of St. Paul appointed a committee of priests to prepare a Jubilee Album for the semi-centennial of the Archdiocese of St. Paul. The committee, consisting of the Reverend Patrick O'Neill, Thomas Gibbons, John Solnce, Anthony Ogulin and Richard Cahill, threw themselves into their work so energetically that the diocesan Album developed into not only a precious memento of the jubilee celebration, but also a valuable contribution to the records of the ecclesiastical history of the Northwest.

Though the memorial volumes are professedly a pictorial representation of the development of the Diocese of St. Paul only, they necessarily go somewhat beyond their immediate scope into the progress of the Church throughout the Northwest.

The first two pages tell the story of Catholicity in Minnesota and the Dakotas prior to 1851: Hennepin naming the Falls of St. Anthony; the log chapels at Mendota, St. Paul and Pembina, with their pastors, Fathers Galtier, Ravoux, Bellecourt and Lacombe; and the pioneer bishops, Loras and Henni, whose jurisdiction extended, respectively, west and east of the Mississippi as far as the Canadian border.

From the third page to the end—there are four volumes in all—the book gives graphic account of the beginnings and the subsequent career of every parish of the Archdiocese of St. Paul. For the most part, to each parish is devoted a whole page, upon which are pictures of the pastor, assistant pastors, former pastors, the church buildings in their various stages of evolution, halls and schools. These photographs of persons and buildings are artistically mounted on the page in proper relationship to one another, and beneath each portrait are to be found the names and all the data needed for a skeleton history of the parish. In like manner is presented the history of colleges, academies and other religious institutions within the Diocese. As far as it is possible for the photographer's art, the volumes will give a fairly accurate review of the condition of the Diocese of St. Paul on the second day of July, 1901.

It is impossible for a written description to give an adequate idea of the exquisite beauty of what may be called the mechanical part of the volumes. The leaves are twenty-eight by twenty inches; each book is about five inches thick. The volumes are bound in hand-carved Mexican leather, bearing in relief pertinent designs and letterings. An index is affixed to the table of the hard oak case in which the books are inclosed.

The volumes may be inspected at any reasonable time in the library of the St. Paul Seminary, where they are permanently to be kept.

Presenting the Album to the Archbishop, the Reverend Patrick O'Neill, chairman of the Committee, said:

"The Committee for which it is my privilege to speak takes pleasure in presenting to you, and through you to the Diocese, this Jubilee Album. The four books now tendered to Your Grace give a fairly comprehensive sketch of the Diocese from the distant day of Hennepin down to our own times.

At first it seemed to the Committee that its task would be comparatively easy; but the work grew on our hands and became a labor of increasing difficulty and, we must add, of increasing love as well. It was thought that, as the volumes are to be a part of the records of the Archdiocese, no effort should be spared to make them as

complete, accurate, artistic and serviceable as possible.

It has been the aim of the Committee to make the pages of this book show at a glance how the Diocese has grown in its fifty years of life to the noble stature of to-day. We do not pretend to give more than a surface view of the past; the camera says nothing of the trials or the triumphs back of the face, nor of the struggles and sacrifices wrought into the walls, which it coldly traces. The inner history of those days is otherwise supplied. To that story these volumes are supplementary.

It is not intended that this work should be merely a glorification of the past; it is hoped that it may be an inspiration for the future. If the priests and the people of to-day find in it some encouragement as well as satisfaction; if the priests of the future, going forth from this Seminary to take up the labors of an heroic ancestry, imbibe from its pages some measure of the dauntless spirit of the pioneers, the chief purpose of those who put together these storied pages will have been realized."

The presentation of the Album having been made, the Very Reverend John Stariha stepped forward to proffer, in behalf of the priests, another gift to the Diocese of St. Paul. If the

first offering told proudly of the past, the second spoke cheeringly of the future; if the one tenderly enshrined the memories of old, the other provided practically for the needs of today and tomorrow. The second presentation consisted of a purse of eighty thousand dollars (\$80,000), subscribed by the priests of the Diocese of St. Paul for the benefit of the College of St. Thomas, Merriam Park, Minnesota.

Tendering the Jubilee Fund, Vicar-General Stariha spoke to this effect:

"The priests of your Diocese could not let this opportunity pass without expressing in some way their appreciation of the inheritance into which they have come. Looking about for some work, within their means, worthy of the occasion, their eyes rested upon the College of St. Thomas. To relieve the Diocesan College of its financial burdens would be to give practical demonstration of regard for the past, solicitude for the future, and love for the Diocese. The priests, therefore, decided to make up a Jubilee Fund with which to pay the indebtedness of the College. We are glad to be able to say that the subscriptions are sufficient to pay all the debts of the institution and besides to give it a good start in its new career.

It is not surprising that, on this occasion, our thoughts centered upon the College of the

Diocese. For the perpetuation of the priesthood we instinctively look to the diocesan seminary; but the St. Paul Seminary has been provided for generously. Next to the seminary in the priest's heart is the college, or preparatory seminary. That the College of St. Thomas was struggling with financial difficulties, entailed in the erection of new buildings, made plain to us at once what should be the object of our offering. It seems to us that in helping the college we are doing what is best calculated to promote the welfare of the diocese. On the proper preparation of young men for the seminary will largely depend the success of religion. Next to that in importance is the fitting of young men for the higher places in the business and social world. This work the College of St. Thomas is doing; this, we hope, may be even better done in the years to come.

It is my privilege, Your Grace, hereby to present to the College of St. Thomas the sum of eighty thousand dollars on behalf of the priests of the Diocese of St. Paul."

* * *

Archbishop Ireland responded in the following words to the addresses of the priests:

"Most cordially do I thank you for the honor which you do to the Diocese of St. Paul, and for the delight which you give to myself.

The festivities of this day have stirred my soul to its very depths, so sweet are the memories these festivities evoke, so sublime the inspirations to which they give rise.

More, I think, than others can be, I am absorbed in those festivities. They come home to me more than they can to others; they charm and entrance me more than they can charm and entrance others. I am today the Bishop of the Diocese; for two-score years I have been its priest; from my earliest youth I was its chosen child, its seminarian. I make myself absolutely one with it; its joys are mine, its glories are mine, its hopes are mine. Nothing outside of it will I ever hold as mine. What you then do for the Diocese you do for me doubly more than if you did it for myself personally. Yes, I thank you in the name of the Diocese, in my own, for the words you have spoken, for the gifts you have made to the beloved Diocese of St. Paul—to my diocese, to your diocese. It is ours in common, ours to be ever honored by us, ours to be ever served by us. Happy I am to hear you repeat that you are devoted to it. That diocese has but little merit that does not draw to itself the affections of its priests; that diocese is strong and prosperous to which there goes out from the hearts of its priests such effusiveness of generous love as you pour out on this occasion as your homage to the Diocese of St. Paul.

You have wished to guard for posterity, as far as this may be done, the story of the Diocese during its first half century. This monumental Album will hold before the minds of coming generations the vision of its founders, of its bishops and its priests, the vision of the works of their zeal, its churches, its schools and its convents. A glorious story it is. Fifty years ago there was, as it were, nothing. How much has since been accomplished! Let not the vision of the priests who have labored in the Diocese during its fifty years, and of the works they have performed, be allowed ever to depart from the minds of the men of the future. Your Album will be the best eulogy of the past and the surest inspiration of great deeds to be accomplished in coming years. Fifty years hence let there be prepared another album. Larger far, indeed, than this it will be. It will picture on its pages the priests, the churches, the schools, the convents belonging to the second half century of the Diocese of St. Paul. Fifty years hence let the question be asked, Is the second album worthy of the first? If the answer be yes, then let thanks ascend to God. I can wish for no greater blessing to the Diocese in the next fifty years than that those years be, in zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, as the fifty years that are closed today. A most blessed

thought, indeed, it was on your part to have prepared this Album as a present to the Diocese on the day of its Golden Jubilee.

* * *

You have gathered together out of the slender substance which self-denial has allowed you to possess the magnificent sum of eighty thousand dollars, to be given on this jubilee day to the Diocesan College of St. Thomas. I am amazed at the largeness of your offering; for I know the difficulties amid which you live, I know the small resources at your disposal. Nothing but the largeness of your hearts explains the largeness of your offering. The offering is most appropriate. In no other way could you benefit more directly and more effectively your Diocese. The diocese lives and prospers through its priests; the priesthood is its soul, its strength, its glory. The highest work of those who love the diocese is to create for it a noble priesthood. Hence the need of institutions of learning and of piety for the education of the levites of the sanctuary. A school of theology we have, unsurpassed in the land, the gift of a noble-minded and generous-hearted friend. This school is beyond the need of financial help. But there must be, too, the preparatory seminary, the school of classical studies, to prepare youths for the theo-

logical seminary. This is the purpose of St. Thomas' College, and St. Thomas needs your help. This help you now give, securing beyond peradventure the future of the College, and, by means of the College, the future of the priesthood of the Diocese. The Diocese thanks you. The spirit of its founder thanks you. The special ambition of Bishop Cretin ever was to establish seminaries, classical and theological, to build up institutions in which youths of the Diocese could be fitted to be its priests. His ambition has passed into your souls. You are honoring his memory as in no other manner you could honor it by your wondrous munificence in favor of the College of St. Thomas. I thank you from my heart, in the name of Bishop Cretin, in the name of the Diocese of St. Paul, in my own name. I pray that God be your rewarder.

Fifty years hence! Fortunate will the Diocese be if, then, its priests endow it, in proportion to their number and to the measure of their ability, as richly as you endow it today.

May the festivities of this day linger long in the memories of the bishop and of the priests of the Diocese of St. Paul! The fruitage of those memories must be the fuller consecration of ourselves to love for the Diocese and to loyal service in its interests."

CHAPTER VII.

Memorial Services at the Cathedral—The Voice of the Past.

Man is not independent of other men; constantly he needs the help of those about him to fulfill the most ordinary duties and purposes of life. Nor can a generation stand alone; it depends upon the past, it moulds the future. So profound is the interdependence of man on man that, as Lowell quaintly says, "the very trick of our gait may be countless generations older than we." In the beautiful doctrine of the Communion of Saints, the Catholic Church recognizes the solidarity and co-operative power of the race. Thus it is the teaching of our faith that our relationship and duties to one another are not altogether interrupted by death; that the saints in heaven can help us by their prayers; and that for us it is a "holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."^{*}

The Jubilee celebration of the Diocese of St. Paul would have been recreant to the prompt-

*² Machabees xii: 46.

ings of nature and the prescriptions of the Church, if, as part of it, solemn supplication did not ascend from God's altar in behalf of those who passed away during the fifty years commemorated. Above all, it was imperative that the leaders and heroes of the former days should have been thus remembered,—

"The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Who can calculate what we of this generation owe to the intrepid builders, who, amid disheartening difficulties, established the church in the Northwest?

They labored for God and for the future ; they had no time nor wish to think of themselves. In this practical day, when self seems to be the center of thought and action, it is refreshing to go back in mind to the olden time, and to mingle with those heroic souls who spent themselves that others might have life and more abounding life.

What giants those pioneer missionaries were ! They came from the glitter and the comfort of the old civilization to a new and wild world. What courage the Marquettes and Hennepins must have had to push their way right into the domains of savages who thought nothing of taking human life. In fact all the early missionaries, whose primitive posts, like widely sepa-

rated islands of the ocean, extended across the unexplored continent, were at all times at the mercy of the capricious aborigine. One should have a knowledge of the events of those days, and an historical imagination, to form anything like a true picture of the apostles of Christianity in the Northwest.

There is somber beauty in the manner in which they speak and write of their dangers. They seem to walk in the shadow of death, with the light of heaven beaming about them and from them. One might cite innumerable instances illustrative of this, but one will serve as a sample of them all. At two o'clock after the midnight of August 27, 1660, Father Menard about to set out for Lake Superior missions, writes from the Three Rivers the following letter:

"Reverend Father—The Peace of Christ be with you.

"I write to you probably the last word which I hope will be the seal of our friendship until eternity.

"Love whom the Lord Jesus did not disdain to love, though the greatest of sinners, for He loves whom He loads with His cross. Let your friendship, my good Father, be useful to me by the desirable fruits of your daily Sacrifice. In three or four months you may remember me at

the memento for the dead, on account of my old age, my weak constitution, and the hardships I lay under amongst these tribes. Nevertheless, I am in peace, for I have not been led to this mission by any temporal motive, but I think it was by the voice of God. I was afraid, by not coming here, to resist the grace of God. Eternal remorse would have tormented me had I not come when I had the opportunity. We have been a little surprised, not being able to provide ourselves with vestments and other things; but He who feeds the little birds and clothes the lilies of the field will take care of His servants; and though it should happen we should die with want, we would esteem ourselves happy. I am loaded with affairs. What I can do is to recommend our journey to your daily Sacrifices, and to embrace you with the same sentiments of heart as I hope to do in eternity."

"The letters of these priests," says Parkman, "departing for the scene of their labors, breathe a spirit of enthusiastic exhaltation, which, to a colder nature, and a colder faith, may sometimes seem over-strained, but which is in no way disproportionate to the vastness of the effort and the sacrifice demanded of them."*

Such were the heralds of the Catholic faith in this region. Such also were they who took

**The Jesuits in North America*, p. 85.

up and continued their labors,—the old priests who served parishes as limitless as their zeal, and pioneer bishops who lived in log palaces and had, one might say, continents for their dioceses.

This part of the world is still fragrant with the incense of their holy lives offered in sacrifice for their fellow man. From the past the light of their lives falls upon us.

We are strengthened and ennobled by such examples, by the knowledge that we are members of the same Church, and that we participate in their lives and merits. We cannot but be grateful for the heritage which they have left us. Their lives of zeal and devotion, of sacrifice and simplicity, of industry and perseverance, are at once a defence of our faith and an inspiration for our souls. Dowered by the riches of such ancestors, we were, indeed, ingrates if we neglected their memory, and unworthy if we forgot their example.

All this, and much more, was developed in the sermon preached by Archbishop Ireland at the Mass of Requiem in the Cathedral on the third of July. The sermon dwelt lovingly on the old memories and touched upon the practical lessons which the past transmits to the present.

The mass was sung by Right Reverend John Shanley. Participating in the ceremonies were the Reverend A. Schaefer, deacon; John

Ryan, sub-deacon; Thomas Gibbons, deacon of honor; James Reardon, sub-deacon of honor; Francis Schaefer, master of ceremonies; A. Ziskovsky, assistant master of ceremonies; John Lawler, assistant priest.

Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Christie, Bishop McGolrick, Bishop Scannell, Bishop Trobec, Bishop Glennon, Bishop O'Gorman and Bishop Eis were seated in the sanctuary.

4

As the solemn ceremonies went forward one almost felt the presence of the blessed dead, the heroes of faith, the cloud of witnesses, the Peters and the Pauls, the Augustines and the Bonifaces of modern times, who gladly offered their lives for the conversion and salvation of the new world. Their strength reinforces our efforts; the glory of their triumphs flashes from the morning sky of the West.

These voices of the past warn men of to-day that the secret of abiding life is not in the indulgence of self, but rather in the sacrifice of self for God and humanity; they repeat these words of Him, whose glory is reflected in the saints of all time: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for me shall find it."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Civic Celebration—Parade of Societies—Addresses at the Auditorium.

The Mass of Requiem for the departed officers and privates of the Diocese, on the 3rd of July, brought to an end the religious exercises of the diocesan Jubilee. As the purview and activity of the builders of the church in the Northwest were not and would not be confined within the area of the sanctuary, it would have done violence to the spirit of the occasion to limit the exercises commemorative of their deeds to purely ecclesiastical functions. The pioneer priests wrought for the good of the whole community; their lives are interwoven with the progress of the Northwest. It was eminently proper, therefore, that an opportunity should have been given the public to pay tribute to those from whom the rich heritage of to-day has come. Such an opportunity was provided in the civic celebration on the evening of July 3d.

Two items made up the programme of civic festivities: a grand parade of Catholic societies

and a public meeting in the Auditorium, the largest convention hall in St. Paul.

The parade made a circuit about the heart of the city. It took an hour for the procession to pass the Cathedral, from the balcony of which Archbishop Ireland and other dignitaries reviewed the marching legions. The parade column was composed of the following:

Platoon of Mounted Police, Lieut. Budy, commanding.

Chief Marshal, John C. Hardy.

Chief of Staff, Richard D. O'Brien.

FIRST DIVISION.

Cathedral Parish.

Marshal—James G. Donnelly, Jr.

Seibert's Band.

Knights of Columbus.

Vincent de Paul Society.

Crusaders' T. A. Society.

Father Matthew T. A. Society.

Cathedral Cadets.

The Italian Society.

SECOND DIVISION.

Assumption and St. Mary's Parishes.

Marshal—Michael Weiskopf.

Post Office Band.

St. Peter Benevolent Society.

St. Clemens' Society.

St. Aloysius Society.
Forester Court No. 101.
St. Vincent de Paul Society.
Forester Court No. 89.

THIRD DIVISION.

St. Louis', St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's Parishes.
Marshal—Frank Robert, Jr.
Danz Band.
L'Union Francaise—La Salle Camp, W. O. W.
Forester Court No. 806.
St. Vincent de Paul Society.
St. Joseph Cadets.
St. Patrick Cadets.
Holy Name Society.

FOURTH DIVISION.

St. Stanislaus Parish.
Marshal—Frank Machovec.
Band.
Knights of St. George.
St. Aloisius Society.
St. Wenceslaus Society.
St. Paul Society.
St. Procopius Society.
St. John's Society.
St. Joseph Society.

FIFTH DIVISION.

St. Adalbert, Sacred Heart, St. Vincent's, St. John's
and St. Andrew's Parishes.

Marshal—Joseph Matz.
Band.

St. Adalbert Society.

St. Joseph Society.

Sacred Heart Society.

St. Leo Benevolent Society.

Forester Court No. 963.

Young Men's Society.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Forester Court No. 817.

St. Vincent Cadets.

SIXTH DIVISION.

St. Francis de Sales and St. James' Parishes.

Marshal—J. Q. Juenemann.
Casino Band.

St. Francis de Sales Society.

Young Men's Casino.

Forester Court No. 541.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Minneapolis Societies.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

St. Michael's, St. Matthew's, St. Luke's and St. Mark's
Parishes.

Marshal—Frank Jungbauer.
Band.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Forester Court No. 850.

St. Matthew Society.
 Young Men's Society.
 Forester Court No. 367.
 St. Vincent de Paul Society.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

St. Agnes' and St. Peter Claver's Parishes.
Marshal—Andrew J. Ries.
 Band.

St. Antonius Benevolent Society.
 Young Men's Society.
 Gesellen-Verein.
 Forester Court No. 459.
 St. Peter Claver Parish.

NINTH DIVISION.

St. Bernard's, St. Cassimir's and St. Augustine's
 Parishes.
Marshal—Nicholas Classen.
 Band.

St. Bernard Benevolent Society.
 St. Michael's Young Men's Society.
 Forester Court No. 550.
 Forester Court No. 947.
 St. Cassimir Society.

TENTH DIVISION.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Marshal—P. M. Moroney.
 Band.

Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.

ELEVENTH DIVISION.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Marshal—Michael Mullane.

Band.

The parade, participated in by fully three thousand Catholic men, the flower of the city's manhood, and witnessed by not less than thirty thousand spectators, was a picturesque and striking demonstration of the strength and possibilities to which Catholicity has risen in the community.

When the last division of marchers arrived at the Auditorium the great mass meeting opened.

* * *

Calling the meeting to order, the Hon. Thomas D. O'Brien, chairman, said :

"I am honored in having assigned to me the duty of presiding at this meeting. We are here to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of Bishop Cretin in this city. We have assembled as Catholics and as citizens of the Northwest taking a pride in the development of our State. When we contemplate the wonderful progress that has been made in the past fifty years by the people of Minnesota it is but natural that Catholics should ask themselves whether or not

they have kept pace in this forward march with their fellow citizens of other religious beliefs; and while it is our pride to claim that we can answer this question in the affirmative, we do not forget that such is the fact largely because of the broad and liberal foundation upon which this government rests and because of the spirit of toleration and fairness which pervades the American people.

It is not for the purpose of idle boasting that we have decorated this Auditorium with the names of our churches, our charitable institutions and our fraternal organizations. As Catholics and as American citizens we are proud to be able to say that there is no benevolent idea, no Christian charity, no work looking to the progress and uplifting of man, that has not its exponent in an organized society in one or more of the twenty-three parishes within the limits of the city of St. Paul.

But with our increase in numbers, in material resources, with our improvement in social position, come weightier responsibilities; so large a percentage of the people of this country is Catholic that their influence for good or evil is stupendous and inevitable. The time has gone by, if such time ever existed, when Catholics could feel that they are not to share in the responsibilities of citizenship in this republic. If I were to



MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D. D.

suggest one thought to emanate from this occasion it would be that we should recognize to the utmost the debt which we owe to the fair and liberal spirit of America."

On the conclusion of Mr. O'Brien's remarks an autograph letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the Archbishop of St. Paul was read by Bishop O'Gorman. The Papal letter of congratulation is printed elsewhere in this book.

The principal address of the evening was made by the Honorable William Louis Kelly. Judge Kelly said:

"In this distinguished presence of gentlemen so eminent in church and state; confronted by so vast an audience; expected to speak to a subject which, properly to present, requires time, acquirements and gifts I do not possess—the historian's research, the poet's imagination, the orator's matchless power—I may well, on the very threshold, pause to crave the most indulgent consideration from you all, my neighbors and my friends.

The average duration of human life, we are told, is but thirty-three years. The individual may, then, properly measure his existence by days; great communities, like cities and nations, by years; but there is one institution, an indis-

putable and stupendous fact in human history, which tells its years upon the rosary of the centuries—the Church Catholic—the Church of the Living God.

From that first Pentecost in an upper chamber in Jerusalem, when the visible presence of the Holy Ghost rested as in tongues of fire upon each of the apostolic band, to the last Pentecostal feast in yonder Cathedral, by the authority of Christ and under the seal of the Fisherman's Ring, she has been for all times, for all men, for all conditions of life, an unerring guide and most tender mother.

This great multitude of earnest and enthusiastic men and women before me, in this city, which a few years ago was an almost unknown frontier village, now the magnificent capital of a magnificent state, assembled to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of a bishop of the ancient faith and the founding here of his see, attest, as nothing else can, the truth, the vitality, the power, the universality of the teaching Church.

My friends, here in St. Paul in this Auditorium, at the close of the nineteenth century, there are as many different languages and dialects spoken by men, who learned them at their mothers' knee, as were heard on the streets of Jerusalem at the first Pentecost. And now, as then, whatever the

tongue wherein we were born, whatever the race or clime or color, we hear from our Holy Mother the voice of Peter through the lips of Leo XIII. and the priesthood and hierarchy whom he and his predecessors have sent, proclaiming to all men 'the wonderful works of God,' and hearing, we bow before the Lord Jesus, who commissioned Peter.

Our celebration of Bishop Cretin's coming to St. Paul, while local in itself, by reason of its composite character becomes for us all, whether inside or outside her never closed portals, an object lesson of the world-wide presence of mother Church.

And for us who in the voice of Leo XIII. recognize the teaching authority of Peter, this demonstration is an act of faith as magnificent as it is public.

I wish particularly to emphasize the pleasure we feel at the numbers of non-Catholic fellow-citizens taking part in this Jubilee. It is especially fitting, old settlers, that you are here, for you welcomed fifty years ago, with our brethren, some who are with us still and many who have fallen asleep, their Bishop at yonder landing. You stood side by side with them that happy day, and you and they, through sunshine and storm, laid deep and broad the foundations of our beautiful city. Together you wrote above its portals, 'Wel-

come to all who come willing to labor, bearing the olive branch of peace.' Though perchance an alien hand sought to sow the dragon's teeth, you helped us stamp out that harvest ere it ripened into wrath. We bid you welcome, non-Catholic friends, old settler and new comer alike. We pray God that in the future we will in all that uplifts and ennobles humanity continue to stand side by side, and that His divine grace will eventually span as with a bridge of stars the space that divides all Christian peoples.

* * *

This latest part of the nineteenth century to me seems full of signs, which foretell the wonders of the twentieth. Beneath the surface, humanity's great heart is throbbing as never before, and it needs but the master's touch to bring all its hopes into full fruition.

Never before have art, invention, science and tireless effort made the nations so near and knowledge so easy. Steam and electricity—or to state it more accurately, electricity and steam—are obliterating time and space. That wondrous production of brain, muscle and machinery, the daily newspaper, places in our hands every morning the chronicle of events over all the earth. The lands have been gridironed with steel, the mountains pierced or surmounted, the ocean's depths

invaded with wires pulsing with human thought. We call our fast ships now the 'greyhounds of the seas,' and over the land with almost the swiftness of an arrow's flight the wheels of commerce move. Activity marks all peoples. The spirit of inquiry, which is the spirit of unrest for many, invades all ranks of society, none more than our Christian peoples. Among them especially there is activity in thinking, in doing, in learning. This truth is evident, that the more we know, the more we travel, the nearer we get to a true knowledge of things, of ourselves and of each other, the broader and better and more tolerant we all become. The old philosopher left this as the sum of wisdom: 'Know thyself.' I presume to add, 'Know yourself as you really are, and your neighbor as he is in fact and not as his enemies or your prejudices have painted him.'

With this feeling in my heart to-night, I clasp hands with all at this jubilee.

In 1849 the white population of St. Paul was about 250 souls, the whole state's 2,000, and yet, with what seems to us now a prophetic vision, the Council of Baltimore, in May of that year, represented to the Holy See the propriety of erecting a bishopric at St. Paul. It was not until the next year, owing to the revolutionary troubles of the times, that Rome acted. On July 19, 1850, the new see of St. Paul took its place in the his-

tory of the church and of the world, and on July 23, 1850, Joseph A. Cretin, illustrious as the parish priest of Ferney, was named its first bishop. Consecrated on January 31, 1851, in Belley, France, by the Bishop who had twenty-eight years before elevated him to the priesthood, he started without delay on his then long and laborious journey to his post of duty. And though, as was the fact, in all his vast see, but three priests awaited his coming, one at St. Paul, the others in distant Pembina, and though his pro-cathedral was a log cabin and his episcopal residence no more pretentious, a king never entered a palace with a lighter heart than did this new Bishop the city of his see. When from that cabin cathedral on the Bluff, looking down upon the Father of Waters, he blessed the people, the city and the land, God's benison rested upon them all.

Bishop Cretin was not a stranger to the Northwest; for, in 1838, at the call of Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, he quitted suddenly the scene of his triumphs at Ferney, and, without even a 'good-bye' to family or friends, came to America to serve the Winnebago Indians. He did not avoid his kindred through lack of filial duty, but because his father had before that stopped him when en route to China. That he impressed his beautiful personality upon all who met him here

is attested by this short clipping from the St. Paul Democrat, July 8, 1851, in its account of his arrival in this city:

'Many of our citizens are well acquainted with Bishop Cretin. He spent some time in this territory shortly after his first arrival in the United States. Those who know him well, and of different sects, represent him as a highly educated and excellent man and an American in all his sympathies and warmly attached to the free institutions of the country.'

The first bishop of St. Paul was reared in one of those homes of piety and courageous patriotism where the persecuted refugee and the hunted priest never failed to find succor and protection from the terrors of the French Revolution. God's blessing that followed this family was plainly written in the illustrious and beautiful lives of Bishop Cretin and his kindred.

His earnest desire seemed to be to die the death of a martyr on the pagan missionary field. Looking over the record of his brief years—he died at sixty-one—we are struck with the unselfish zeal of the men who were pioneers in this new world, and who, like him, gave up everything for God and human kind.

The pioneer is one who clears the way for the advancing army. As Columbus, the Christ-bearer, filled with unquestioning faith, turned

his prows from the beaten ocean tracks, and without chart sailed fearlessly into the west, so they who followed him to the new world, plunged into trackless wilds with the child's simplicity and the martyr's courage. Whatever the motive of the laymen, the priest's motive was of the sublimest order. When Cortes, preparatory to invading Mexico, burned his ships, he did an act of courage and of prudence—the courage to risk his own life and the prudence which made mutiny impossible. But these men of whom I speak left no burning ships behind them—they had none. They had burned their ships years before, when at God's altar they dedicated their lives to their fellow men. And this is what the Catholic priest has done from the beginning, and does every day for all men. Oh, Soggarth Aroon (I love to call you by the endearing title of the Irish tongue), will men never learn the sublimity of your office and the glory of your character?

It was my purpose to name tonight none save the deathless dead. But no story of Bishop Cretin or of the church in Minnesota is complete if it omit the name of Mgr. Augustine Ravoux. To name him in a St. Paul audience is enough. Recognizing his virtues, his work, we stand in silent admiration before the simple majesty of his greatness.

There is another who has come from far Calgary to take part in this festival, Father Albert Lacombe, who, in 1851, served the mission at Pembina. Grand and venerable, with the glory of his many years upon him, he is still a splendid type of the physical man.

'There were giants in those days.' Giants in physique, giants in labor, giants in virtue. Thank God, they used their giant strength not to destroy, but to save. Years and honors and peace in this life to you, Father Ravoux and Father Lacombe! Beyond it the Master has prepared a mansion—not made by hands—for His servants.

Bishop Cretin came just a little in advance of the tide of immigration, which, following the star of empire, set in towards the west. His flock grew; his labors increased; but having once put his hand to the plow, he never looked backward. Short-lived as was his administration, for he died in 1857, the increase in the maternal church attested his zeal and that of his zealous priests.

Of Archbishop Grace, I cannot permit myself to try to speak. His name brings to me a flood of memories so tender, the heart becomes too full to allow the lips to fashion a word. As a boy I knew him, as far as a boy could know a priest of his age, in my father's house in old Kentucky. Learned, retiring, courtly, he was a gentleman of

the old school. And when I say so much, nothing more is required. His work is before your eyes. I need not point it out. The time is so short since you all saw upon our streets his familiar and kindly face, and great events nowadays so crowd each moment in its flight that we must wait perforce until time's mellowing hand has done its work.

'Great men grow greater by the lapse of time;
We know those least whom we have seen the
latest.'

* * *

With this imperfect and incomplete view of the founding of the diocese of St. Paul, correctly to value the work of those who have worn the bishop's iron crown, we should turn our eyes to the present. And as taking first place—though last in point of time—behold the realization of Bishop Cretin's dream, the Seminary of St. Paul, with its adjunct, St. Thomas' College. Place the crown where it belongs, upon the brow of that non-Catholic gentleman, James J. Hill, whose munificence made the Seminary a possibility. Wherever this gospel shall be preached this deed will be told in memory of him.

Of course, the marvelous growth of Catholicity in the province of St. Paul, comprising Minnesota, North and South Dakota, bears its

reasonable relation to the growth of this golden Northwest.

St. Paul and Minneapolis are practically one city. They are not only one, but they stand mid-way on the highway of the nations. There have been dreamers before William H. Seward and will be dreamers after him, but his words, spoken in St. Paul years ago, foretelling a splendid course for this city, much of which has been realized, were not an idle dream. The boy who is listening to me to-night may see as an accomplished fact all that then seemed but a fancy. Of these two cities, whose combined population by the last census is over 380,000, it does not require a prophet's ken to see the future.

But to my theme: In this year of grace, 1901, the province of St. Paul has six episcopal sees—one that of an Archbishop. It has 600 priests; its Catholic population is 400,000 at least. St. Paul has twenty-three churches, Minneapolis sixteen; and churches, schools, hospitals, asylums of every kind dot the land.

Statistics are dry matters for an occasion like this, and I only refer to them to show how marvelous, under God, has been the growth of the little seed sowed in this Northwest land over fifty years ago. You and I, fellow-Catholics, who to-day are reaping the harvest that others have sown, should not forget those who planted

the field and bore the heat and burdens of the day in this part of the Master's vineyard. How can we best honor them? This jubilee is proper; it calls a halt in our busy work-a-day lives, and asks us all to mark this day with a white pebble. But it is not with floating banners and grand music and stately speech that we can best honor them. It is by fashioning our lives upon the good and gentle and brave characters they displayed; by living as citizen and churchman up to the highest ideals; by holding high the cross of Christ, which we reverence; by loving as the earthly guardian of our own homes and the promises of our future this starry banner—your flag and mine and the nation's!

I have endeavored to discharge the duty placed upon me, imperfectly, I feel, but earnestly and honestly I know. No fitter words, it seems to me, can be used in closing than these sublime thoughts from the pen of Edwin Markham:

'How shall we honor them—our deathless dead?
With strew of laurel and the stately tread?
With blaze of banners brightening overhead?
Nay, not alone these cheaper praises bring;
They will not have this easy honoring.
Not all our cannon, breaking the blue noon,
Not the rare reliquary, writ with rune,
Not all the iterance of our reverent cheers,
Not all sad bugles blown,
Can honor them grown saintlier with the years;

Nor can we praise alone
In the majestic reticence of stone;
Not even our lyric tears
Can honor them, passed upward to their spheres.
Nay, we must meet our august hour of fate
As they met theirs; and this will consecrate,
This honor them, this stir their souls afar,
Where they are climbing to an ampler star.

How shall we honor them—our deathless dead?
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In Him who feels their passion, they survive!
Flatter their souls with deed and all is said!
In the heroic soul their souls create
Is raised remembrance past the reach of fate.
The will to serve and bear,
The will to love and dare,
And take for God unprofitable risk—
These things, these things will utter praise and paen,
Louder than lyric thunders Aeschylean!
These things will build our dead unwasting obelisk.'"

The next speaker was the Honorable William Pitt Murray, one of the pioneer settlers of St. Paul. Though not a Catholic, Mr. Murray was a sympathetic observer of the early struggles of the Church in the Northwest. His address, in a familiar and off-hand vein, was as follows:

"Fifty years ago Saint Paul was but a straggling frontier village, operated under a village charter, with a population of from 1,200 to 1,500 inhabitants, scattered here and there between Seven Corners and Sibley street and as far north

as Fourth street. On the Hill, Dayton's Bluff, and north of Fourth street were a few houses. The population was made up of French, Canadian French, Half-Breeds, a few Irish and Germans, a sprinkling of Yankees from New England and the Middle States.

There were five church buildings, the value of which did not in the aggregate exceed five or six thousand dollars, representing Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians. The four or five little taverns were run on strict business principles, which forbade more than two to sleep in one bed, unless one was a child, or more than eight or ten persons to sleep in one room. Ten or a dozen village stores were engaged in the local and Indian trade, and it may be added, that all of the proprietors, except our friend Larpenteur, are dead. Some eight or ten groceries, as designated by ordinance, now called saloons, sold poor whiskey publicly to the white man, and on the sly to the Indian, for which they paid a license of ten dollars a year semi-annually, as we now pay our taxes.

In those days real estate agents and architects were conspicuously absent.

Fifty years ago the topography of St. Paul was different from that of today. If you wanted to go to Dayton's Bluff, you had to go around by where Hamm's brewery now stands ; between

Sibley and Dayton's Bluff, where are now located the railroad yards, was a swamp, in low water a marsh, in high water navigable for steam-boats.

If your business called you up on the Hill, now the homes of the four hundred, you had to go up Jackson street and around on the plateau. The territory between the Seven Corners and Pleasant avenue was a marsh, generally covered with water. In the morning, if you had not time to go out to some duck pass in the country, you might have spent an hour or two shooting ducks in the pond where the Auditorium now stands.

Fifty years ago the life of the pioneer clergy in the Northwest was not as it is now. The growth of the country, the better condition of the people, and perhaps a higher civilization have wrought great changes. The pioneer clergy traveled afoot on snow-shoes in winter, in Indian canoes and on Indian ponies in summer. The clergy of today ride in Pullman cars and on palatial steamers. The pioneer clergy slept in log cabins, Indian tepees, and out on the open prairies, with a buffalo robe and a blanket for a bed; their humble fare consisted of wild game, fish, and sometimes bread. The clergy of today live in comfortable homes with pleasant surroundings. The pioneer clergy held their religious services in Indian tepees, lumber camps, log

cabins, and out on the open prairies whenever they could get two or three persons together. Today our services are performed in costly, well-lighted and well-heated churches, with upholstered pews for the ease and comfort of the parishioners.

Fifty years ago Ravoux, a name I always mention with reverence, was the only Catholic priest in Minnesota and the two Dakotas, with the exception of one at Pembina, who received appointment from an English Catholic bishop. While Father Galtier was the first priest in Minnesota, Father Ravoux was, properly speaking, the first resident priest in the territory.

On the organization by Congress of the Territory of Minnesota, immigration came flowing into Minnesota. Up to that time all the settlements clustered about the military post at Fort Snelling, the Indian agencies, the lumber camps on the Rum River and St. Croix, the saw mills at St. Anthony and Stillwater, and, I may add, about St. Paul, formerly Pig's Eye, which was noted for the drinking and sale of Indian whisky.

With increasing population it at once became apparent that more Catholic priests were necessary in the Northwest. At length a bishop was appointed.

On a beautiful summer's day, Wednesday, July 2, 1851, Father Ravoux, pioneer mission-

ary priest, standing in front of his little church, heard the shrill whistle of a steamer as she rounded the point below the village. For days he had been expecting the arrival of the Bishop, and had become tired and weary waiting. The Bishop was a passenger. There was no great display of music, no civic parade, yet many of our citizens, Protestants and Catholics, went aboard to greet and welcome him to his new field of labor. The appointment of a Catholic bishop indicated that the Northwest was being peopled, and that westward the Star of Empire was wending its way. After a quasi reception on the boat, Father Ravoux and the Bishop, with some young priests and seminarians, proceeded on foot to the Tamarack Cathedral, the first church in St. Paul, the first Cathedral in the Territory of Minnesota. And what a Cathedral! What the Bishop may have thought, I do not know. After a survey of the premises and the poverty of the Church—it was mostly poverty—the Bishop inquired as to where he could find board. My impression is that he was of the opinion that Father Ravoux's culinary department was not quite up to the standard. After talking the matter over with Father Ravoux, they went down to Mrs. Amable Turpin's, the mother of the late Mrs. Louis Robert and the grandmother of Mrs. Uri L. Lamprey, where

he boarded until the erection and completion of the second Cathedral in Minnesota.

The first Sunday after the Bishop's arrival was a great day for the Catholics. They had heard of the coming of the bishop, and all wanted to see him. They came from Saint Anthony, Mendota, Little Canada, Stillwater, and other places in the neighborhood of Saint Paul. The little chapel did not hold a quarter of them—many stood outside. After services were over, the Bishop came out to say a kind word and shake hands with them. Many of these old pioneers had never seen a bishop; they had always lived on the frontier. They had heard about bishops, archbishops and popes, and expected to see a man of more than ordinary size, and, perhaps, one clothed in purple and fine linen, wearing a crown; instead they saw a man of ordinary size, with a pleasing countenance and intellectual face, modest and unassuming in his manners and conversation, with the dress of the ordinary citizen, except as to the cut of the collar and the make of the coat. An old pioneer Catholic, taking a good look at the bishop, exclaimed: 'Why, the bishop is not as big a man as Forbes,' referring to an old Indian trader and citizen. Yet afterwards all loved to honor and obey the pioneer bishop.

It is no part of my purpose to speak in detail of the life and work of Bishop Cretin. From the day of his arrival in St. Paul to the day of his death, it must be familiar to every Catholic who keeps in touch with Catholic history. However, I may say that he wore himself to death in the labor of his office and the discharge of what he deemed to be his duty.

Bishop Cretin spent no idle moments after his arrival in St. Paul; he looked over his field of labor and realized there was much to be done and proceeded to do it. In a few days he had materialized his plans for the erection of a church on the lot where now stands the store of Schuneman and Evans. When finished, it was occupied as church and episcopal residence, and also later on as a boys' school. Then his attention was given to the establishment of parishes, missions, education of girls, and providing homes for the Sisters. As the territory grew in population his labors increased, and it soon became evident that St. Paul's second Cathedral was too small, and steps were taken for the erection of your present Cathedral. It was commenced in 1854, but was not ready for occupation until in 1858, more than a year after the death of Bishop Cretin.

After a half century, the present generation can hardly realize the condition of affairs in the

Territory. Corner lots and broad acres were plentiful, but there was no special demand for them. Our sources of revenue were the pineries and Indian payments, with what little money the immigrants brought into the Territory. Everything that we ate came down the river, except wild game and fish, and the Irishman's potato, which was then raised in sufficient quantity to supply the home market. After the financial cyclone of 1857 it was a question of daily bread rather than of building churches; and then the building of the Cathedral was as great an undertaking as the construction now of a transcontinental railway.

It is perhaps true that Cretin was not so cultured or eloquent as his successors in office—the Right Reverend Thomas L. Grace and the Most Reverend John Ireland. But was he not the right man in the right place? His work had always been on the frontier among common people; he himself was a commoner; he knew the wants and needs of the people among whom he labored. His was a life of Christian work and charity. The friend of all, whether Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, his hand was always open to help the poor and needy without regard to church affiliation, and of this, if time would permit, I might give many instances which came within my own personal knowledge.

If Bishop Cretin had done nothing more than wisely sending to France two bright young lads to be educated for the priestly office, John Ireland and Thomas O'Gorman; the one, your archbishop, who has done more for the cause of temperance in Minnesota than all the laws that have ever been passed by your lawmakers, and by his zeal, learning and eloquence has done more to popularize Catholicism in this country than all the books that have been written in his lifetime. The other lad, orator, historian and eminent divine, Thomas O'Gorman, now bishop of Sioux Falls, has well earned the reverence and love not only of the Catholics, but of all nationalities and creeds. Neither you nor I could have predicted the future of these two boys as they stood upon the levee in 1853, amid the tears of parents and friends, waiting the departure of the steamer which was to take them from home and their country.

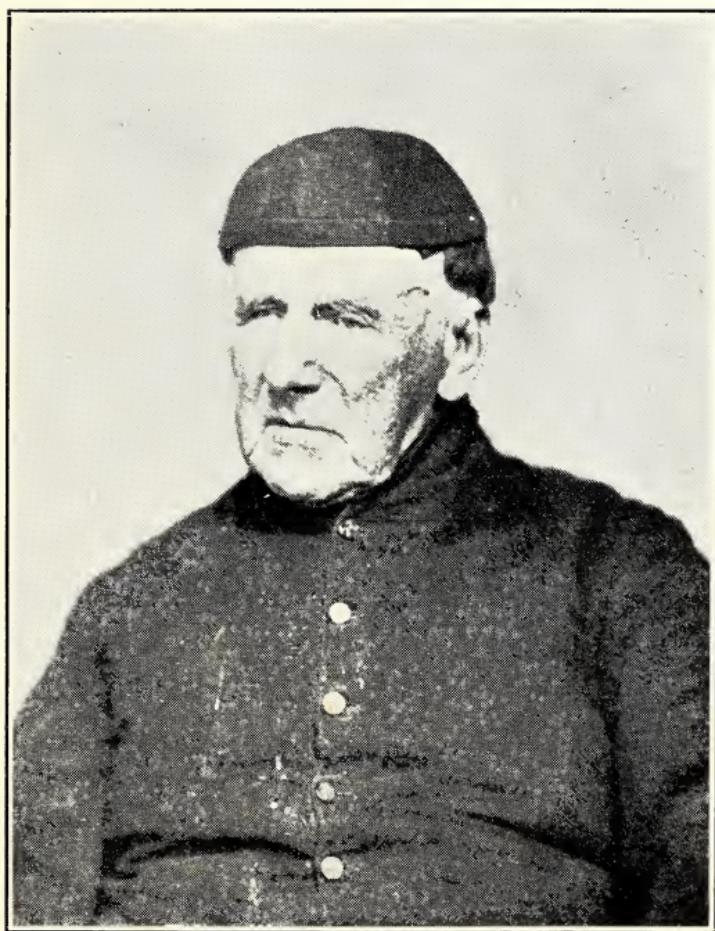
To-night, in my old age and on the border line of the great hereafter, I can only say kind words in remembrance of Father Ravoux, Joseph Cretin, Bishop Grace, Vital Guerin, Charles Bazille and Louis Robert, the first three for their great work in laying the substructure of a grand edifice, the Catholic Church, which day by day is growing in numbers and power under the leadership of Archbishop John Ireland and the

Catholic clergy of Minnesota; the other three pioneers for their liberal gifts not only to their own church, but to those of all other denominations, for their friendship, for their good citizenship, and for their liberal contributions in property and money to every enterprise and scheme which tended to promote the interests of your capital city, a city well named Saint Paul."

The next address, also of a reminiscent character, was delivered by Mr. Auguste L. Larpen-teur, who has resided in St. Paul since 1843:

"To say that I am embarrassed at being called upon to make some remarks would be superfluous. Surrounded by men who have been blessed with educational advantages that were not attainable in my early days, I feel unable to do justice to this memorable occasion. I represent a generation that has about become extinct, and has left you only its works by which to remember it.

Words are too feeble to express our gratitude to the early missionaries of the Catholic Church, who gave the world knowledge of the country we now enjoy. They first disseminated the word of God over these fertile plains among the natives and taught the Catechism to their descendants. In support of this fact I will relate a circumstance that occurred under my own ob-



REV. FRANCIS X. PIERZ
The Missionary among Chippewas.

servation. Many of these old voyageurs and ex-employees of the Hudson Bay Company were driven in this direction during the years of 1822 to 1828 by the failure of crops and the overflowing of the Red River of the North: the Bottineaus, the Perrys, the Rondeaus, the Gervais, and many others. Some of them took claims here; others settled near Galena among the mines; others, again, as far south as Vevay, Indiana. Those who settled here were mostly Half-Breeds and had been reared on the plains, and, camping with them, I have listened with a great deal of interest to their stories. Many of them at one time or another were in our employ. My first experience with them was the first winter I spent here, 1843-4. Hearing that the Indians were short that winter of the necessities of life, our firm wished to send supplies to the Chippewa country. We engaged Joseph Rondo, with ten teams, to haul the goods of which I had to dispose on reaching the Indian country. If I recollect aright Rondo had as aids Peter Gervais, Francois Moran, Charles Bottineau, and one or two others, the names of whom I do not now remember. We left early in the morning of a cold January day. We had to make our way through two feet of snow. We reached Rum River, our first camp, cleared away the snow, felled some trees, and in a very short

time had a good camp fire going. This was my first experience in camping out. I turned under my buffalo robe with my shoes on, like my horse, and was royally entertained by these plain, simple-minded old voyageurs. When the time came to turn in, the boss gave notice 'to bed' (*au lit*). With the thermometer at forty degrees below zero, and under the shadow of the Milky Way, the snow surrounding them, they knelt down and, blessing themselves, devoutly recited their prayers. What a lesson that was for me, just out of the heart of civilization! I learned subsequently that these old voyageurs knew no home but the plains. The caravans, leaving the settlements in September and seldom returning until late in November, often consisted of from five hundred to one thousand carts. Each of these would contain sometimes whole families. This was really their harvest time, the hunter killing the buffalo and elk, the women curing the meat and making the pemican, which is the dried buffalo meat pounded into pulp, put into sacks of buffalo skins, covered with hot tallow, and then sewed up tight. This will keep for years. These caravans always had their priest along with them, and there these children learned their catechism, and they never forgot it.

These were some of the pioneers who blazed the pathway for the prosperity of today. They

were not graduates of colleges, yet they were students of nature. Like the sturdy oak they had a rough, uninviting exterior, but a kind and sympathetic heart within. They were human; they had their failings. Let us bury their faults in their graves, but keep their virtues green as the sward that covers them.

Nearly three-score years ago I landed at the foot of where Jackson street is now located. It was then beyond the frontier. The State of Minnesota was known only for its garrison and the mission established by Father Gaultier, and later administered by the saintly Monsignor Ravoux, whom we still have with us. At first his home was Mendota, but he visited St. Paul at least once a month. Then came, as we advanced in merit, the subject of our commemoration today, the great and good Bishop Cretin. He was a dear friend to me. Never did I leave his presence without feelings of spiritual consolation. I was very near to him in his temporal councils. At times his soul was severely tried by financial difficulties. Churches to build, dioceses to establish, and that at a time when the whole country was in a state of utter bankruptcy. This great weight resting upon his shoulders, I have not the least doubt, was the cause of his early demise. But his work was done. He laid the foundation, and it is left with us remaining to

complete the superstructure. The name of Bishop Cretin will always be held by those who knew him, and those who know of him, in reverent esteem.

When I take a retrospective view of events, what a history comes before my mind! Half a century in the history of a country, state or city, is but as a grain of sand on the sea shore, but in the life of a man it is a long time, and great events can take place during such a period. Of the few inhabitants then living within the present limits of the City of St. Paul, most of them Catholics, all are gone to their reward, with the exception of the relict of the late Vital Guerin and myself. We are the only ones within my recollection who have maintained a continuous residence here.

Minnesota, thou art dear to me! When I knew thee first thou wert a suckling babe. You did not then possess a dollar's worth of taxable property. I have lived to see you feed the world, your taxable property reaching the billions. With a population of less than one hundred inhabitants when I first saw you, you have nearly two millions today. Our city, with a mission cabin built of tamarack logs, to contain a few dozen worshippers, today has some twenty-five churches, besides seminaries, colleges, schools. Today at least one-third of our city's

population is Catholic. All this shows that the good Bishop has left the continuation of his work in good hands and that opportunities have not been neglected.

You will pardon me, Your Grace, if I continue for a moment my reminiscences. Well do I remember the day in the year 1853 when you and your associate, now Bishop O'Gorman, your parents accompanying you down past my store on Jackson Street and Third to the steamer, were about to depart in the company of Father Ravoux for France to prosecute your studies. For eight long years you were lost to us. You returned to us, but not as the little lads that I saw running down the hill to take the "Nominee." You have well filled the place marked out for you by the good man who sent you to the old world.

May there be willing and worthy hands to carry on from generation to generation the work so well begun by the pioneers and their immediate successors."

* * *

Letters from Samuel Van Sant, Governor of Minnesota; Robert Smith, Mayor of St. Paul, and the Hon. William Donohue, of Minneapolis, regretting their inability to be present and to

speak at the meeting, were read by the Chairman.

On behalf of the French citizens of St. Paul, the Hon. Edmund Bazille spoke briefly of the part taken by French explorers and settlers in the development of Minnesota. In like manner, Mr. Herman Nienstedt reviewed what the Germans have done for the spiritual and temporal advancement of the Northwest.

Bishop Shanley, of North Dakota, sketched in a few clever strokes the character of Bishop Cretin, and referred in terms of earnest praise to the two successors of the first bishop of St. Paul.

Archbishop Ireland's short address brought to an end the programme of speeches and the jubilee celebration. The archbishop congratulated the people on the intelligent spirit with which they had taken up the jubilee idea, and he thanked them for having done so much toward making the occasion memorable. To him the most comforting feature of the celebration was the promise it seemed to utter of even greater successes to come. He ventured the prophecy that the victories of the first half century would lead up to more glorious triumphs in the half century upon which the church in Minnesota had just entered. The church in the Northwest has passed through the formative stage of life; it has begun the constructive, of which much will be expected.

Immediately after the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the audience led by a large chorus, which during the evening rendered several selections, the audience dispersed. The celebration of the golden jubilee of the Diocese of St. Paul had passed into the realm of history.

CHAPTER IX.

Concluding Remarks—The Growth of the Church in Members and Influence.

The sermon delivered at the Jubilee Mass by the Archbishop of St. Paul, the memorial Album prepared for the Golden Jubilee of the Diocese, and some of the addresses at the Auditorium meeting, all of these deal more or less with the progress of Catholicity in Minnesota since 1851. It may, however, be well to gather together these separated threads, and to fashion one compact piece out of many elements.

First of all, what say statistics? When Bishop Cretin arrived in St. Paul on the second of July, 1851, the total population of the territory of Minnesota was about five thousand. In his jurisdiction the Bishop had two mission centers: namely, St. Paul and Pembina. From St. Paul, Father Ravoux ministered to the mixed population of adjoining settlements; at Pembina, Father Bellecourt and Father Lacombe had under their spiritual care about five hundred Half-Breeds. Such was the log-chapel diocese of which Monsignor Cretin took control.

In July, 1901, in the same area, there are an archdiocese with five suffragan sees, six bishops, more than six hundred priests, and a Catholic population of about four hundred thousand. Moreover, a well equipped seminary, two large colleges, about one hundred and fifty parish schools, fifteen colleges for girls, several orphanages, homes for the aged, and refuges for the wayward, are spread over the territory that originally formed the Diocese of St. Paul.

Fifty years ago the Church in the Northwest was established in poverty on the banks of the Mississippi and the Red River; it had for its riches the zeal of its ministers and the possibilities of the future. Over the untamed prairies forming the theatre of its activity roamed the Indian and the buffalo. Its pathless forests, full of lurking beasts, seemed to defy the advance of the white man.

To-day, in the same district, a thousand churches, hundreds of schools, and numerous asylums pour forth their streams of light and benediction upon the land. In this new region, that but yesterday was a vast wilderness, the Church to-day rejoices in the beauty and vigor of organic life; it exercises power and mercy through its numerous faculties bestowed of Christ; it sends out from a thousand centers of heavenly activity comfort and strength into the

souls of men. That such a transformation should have been effected in the short interval of fifty years ; that prairies and forests should have been brought into subjection ; that cities, dropping as it were from the clouds, within easy reach of one another, should have burst into life ; that the former wilderness should have suddenly become the garden of the world ; that the Church meanwhile should have put on the royal robes of pristine power ; that all this change could have been wrought in fifty years might have seemed no more than a pretty dream of romance had not the splendid drama unfolded itself under our very eyes.

The Diocese of St. Paul has become conspicuous for the completeness of its educational equipment. Parish schools throughout the Diocese, and high schools in the larger cities, provide amply for the elementary and preparatory instruction of Catholic boys and girls. For collegiate training of young women the various Sisterhoods have numerous academies ; and for the higher education of young men the Diocese has the newly endowed College of St. Thomas. The Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Paul have begun the construction of a college which will perfect the diocesan facilities for the higher education of women. The crown and glory of the whole scheme is the St. Paul Seminary in which young

men are prepared for the priesthood. Thus from Bishop Cretin's basement school has grown a symmetrical system of education, giving strength and distinction to the Diocese of St. Paul.

The progress and the power of the Church in the Northwest should not be gauged merely by what it can show in material forms, such as cathedrals, temples, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and asylums. A higher test of its advance is the power which it wields in the affairs of the community. Judged by this standard, the Catholic Church in Minnesota has progressed marvelously. In forming public opinion; in movements tending to raise the ideals of men; in all things calculated to improve social conditions; in the whole life of the community, the Catholic Church exercises a paramount influence.

From the first the Church in Minnesota has been blest with able leaders. It has been her good fortune to have, in her higher offices, men who could command universal respect; men who were wise enough to see the needs of the present and the future, and resourceful enough to provide for them. Under such guidance Catholicity has prospered, and it has gathered momentum for greater advances in the future. The way has been made clear. In great measure, prejudice has been removed, distrust overcome, and bigotry dissipated. These facts, better than bricks or

stone, tell of the genuine power of the old Church in the newest part of the new world, where it is firmly intrenched in the intelligent loyalty of its children.

The curtain rises on the second half of the first century of the Church's history in Minnesota. If the second part of the century shall fulfill the promise of the first, along the headwaters of the Mississippi explored by the Franciscan monk of old, will extend, within the confines of the Commonwealth of the West, majestic proportions of the Universal Church, "whose acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old."

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